McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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NO MURDER TRIALS THIS TERM OF COURT.

Rocario Gigliotti Case Put Over to October Term.

ZAFFINO PLEAD GUILTY 2ND. DEGREE

He Will Probably Receive Sentence To-day—Poor Roads Were Reported by Supervisors—Other Minor Cases Have Been Disposed Of.

The June term of criminal court which was scheduled to last two weeks proved to be a disappointment to those who have reasons to like big courts in this county. There were two murder cases to have been tried at this term but one of them has been ended by the accused pleading guilty to murder in the second degree and the other case has been put over to the October term of court.

Joe Zaffino, who shot and killed Peter Marino at Clermont on the night of October 31st, 1911, pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree on Tuesday, and Judge Bouton will probably sentence him to-day.

On the night above mentioned Zaffino and Marino and several other Italians were about town, drinking a little and at about 10 o'clock they became engaged in an argument in the street which resulted in the shooting of Marino which ended his life about two hours afterward. Zaffino made his escape and later was captured in St. Marys by members of the State Constabulary, who were informed by a couple of Italians from Clermont that he was the man wanted for this murder.

The case of Rocario Gigliotti, charged with the murder of Grace Graham Bigler and Anthony Kohnen on the night of December 10, 1911, has been continued until the October term of criminal court. The attorneys for the defense asked for this continuance on the grounds that an important witness was ill and could not appear at this time.

The court informed the sheriff that the petit jurors called for the week of June 10 will not be required to appear. And notices have been sent to each juror by the sheriff to that effect.

Other Court News.

The June term of criminal court opened on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Judge Joseph W. Bouton presiding. The grand jury was called, H. S. Robbins of Bradford being chosen foreman, and the members were instructed by the court in regard to their duties, after which they retired to deliberate. Constable U. H. Foote of this borough, was appointed officer to wait upon the grand jury, and Constable William Cline and Charles Foust, of Bradford, were appointed officers to keep order in the court room. Henry Thirminy, of Bradford, was appointed court interpreter.

When the constables of the county made their returns, Attorney Samuel Smith, of Port Allegany, requested permission of the court to question the constables of Eldred township, Liberty township and Port Allegany borough, in regard to their returns in respect to the roads in their bailiwicks. The constable of Eldred township reported the roads in his township in very bad condition on account of the absence of proper guard rails in dangerous places; that the roads are so narrow in places that it is almost impossible for two vehicles to pass each other, and that some of the crosswalks are so high that it is dangerous for automobiles to pass over them. The district attorney was notified by the court to take action upon this return. Attorney Smith also examined the constable of Port Allegany borough as to the condition of the roads in the borough, also as to the existence of gambling places in his bailiwick. The constable of Eldred borough also returned the roads in the borough as in bad condition, and the court instructed District Attorney Wilson to examine this constable's return and to take the proper action on any matters contained therein.

Patrick Roache, charged with surety of the peace, was found guilty and was sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution and give bail in the sum of $300 to keep the peace.

John Butler of Bradford, charged

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COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Regular Monthly Meeting Held Monday Evening.

The regular monthly meeting of the Smethport borough council was held in their rooms in the public building on Monday evening. The meeting was called to order at 8:40 by the president and the following members were present: Backus, Denning, Daly, Engstrom, Brennan, Irons and Raymer.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The following bills were read:

C. J. Vanblad, blacksmithing, $14.75.

Holmes & Gillillan, lumber and sewer pipe, $42.75.

S. R. Lindsley & Co., printing, $5.80.

H. C. Well, disinfectants, $4.20.

J. C. Backus, sewer pipe, $2.60.

C. Larson, team work, $69.75.

Sam Green, team work, $2.25.

Sam Tanner, team work, $4.50.

Jake McBride, labor on street, $42.

John Cramsie, Street Com., $60.00.

Frank McCarthy, police, $60.00.

V. B. Bouton, solicitor, $12.50.

E. M. Green, erecting bell tower, $34.00.

McKean Miner, printing, $5.05.

M. E. Backus, quarantine officer, $4.00.

S. S. Fry, hoisting bell, $5.00.

A. H. Kidder, labor on bell tower, $5.37.

Daly & Garlick, hardware, $3.15.

Bell Telephone Co., message, 15c.

Moved by Engstrom and seconded by Brennan that bills as read be paid. Carried.

The fire alarm committee reported that they had completed the erection of the tower and bell. Moved by Raymer and seconded by Irons that the report of the committee be accepted and committee discharged with thanks. Carried.

The committee to inspect the Mechanic street bridges over the raceway near Brasted's bakery, reported that they had inspected the same and that the road bridge was in good condition, but the foot bridge requires three new beams. Moved by Brennan and seconded by Raymer that committee be continued with power to purchase the necessary materials and put the bridge in good condition. Carried.

The committee on lock-up reported that the cells could be moved back, giving more room in the engine room and the lock-up properly repaired to put it in a sanitary condition for $182.25. The matter was laid on the table until the next meeting.

The sidewalk committee reported that they had had street crossing contract blanks printed. After some discussion the contracts were adopted and enough ordered executed in blank to last until the next regular meeting.

Upon the suggestion of the sidewalk committee a quantity of iron pipe was ordered to place under crosswalks to carry off surface water from the ditches. The iron pipe is to substitute tile owing to its superior lasting qualities.

The burgess reported $7.00 received from fines and licenses during May.

Meeting adjourned at 10:40.

SMETHPORT DEFEATS NORWICH.

Locals Win Interesting Game, 7 to 3, Last Thursday.

The game of baseball between Smethport and Norwich at Kane field was one of the most interesting games played here this season and the home team won out by a score of 7 to 3.

Smethport got one run in the first inning and Norwich followed with three runs in the third inning, then neither side scored until the seventh inning, when Tull, with a man on first, made a line drive into the creek for a home run. This seemed to start things and Smethport scored six runs in that inning and the game ended 7 to 3.

Perry, of Clermont, a former Smethport pitcher, occupied the mound for Norwich and Smith did the twirling for the locals. Both pitched excellent ball and it was an interesting game from start to finish.

HAND PAINTED CHINA.

I have for sale at my home the Grace G. Rhodes hand painted china, formerly sold by Mollie E. Pierce. Anyone wishing anything in this line is cordially invited to call.

MRS. M. HEINLEIN.

Provin's Bread, wrapped direct from oven in dust proof and sanitary paper, always clean and fresh.

ELLSWORTH'S GROCERY.

FRED YOUNG- LOVE IN SERIOUS AUTO ACCIDENT.

Crushed Under Car Near Crossmires Crossing Tuesday.

HE IS IN A SERIOUS CONDITION.

Ran Off Embankment Coming Down Smith Hill and Car Turns Completely Over, Landing Right Side Up—Constable Walker and John Carlson Escape Uninjured.

Fred Younglove, a well-known business man of Norwich who runs an automobile bus from the Big Woods, met with a very serious automobile accident at about 1 o'clock Tuesday afternoon while coming down Smith hill, just beyond Crossmire crossing on the Farmers Valley road. As a result he lies in bed at the Commercial House in a very serious condition, from internal injuries received when the car turned over on him.

When the car turned over Mr. Younglove was caught between the steering wheel and seat while the heavy car rolled over him. He is a large, powerful man and that perhaps is all that saved him from being crushed to death on the spot. As it is he received severe bruises on the chest and back besides being internally injured so that the organs do not perform their functions and he has had one or two slight hemmorhages. Although his injuries have not as yet been fully determined Doctors Clark and Ostrander are of the opinion that he will recover, providing complications do not set in.

Mr. Younglove had taken a load of men to Bradford the night before, leaving here at a late hour, and had been up all night. On the return trip he was accompanied by Constable J. W. Walker and John Carlson, both of Norwich, and they are of the opinion that he fell into a partial doze at this point and therefore lost control of the car. The statements of these gentlemen and the conditions of the accident show that he was running at a speed not to exceed eighteen miles an hour.

The tracks of the car show that he veered slightly to the left and then to the right and dropped off the embankment which was only about two feet at that point. Walker and Carlson jumped and escaped with only a few slight scratches, but Younglove was caught in the seat under the steering wheel and the car rolled completely over him, landing right side up. Walker and Carlson found Younglove laying prostrate on the ground and while one rushed to a nearby house and summoned medical aid from Smethport the other ministered as best he could to his wants. Dr. Clark responded quickly in an automobile and the writer and others hurried to the scene. Mr. Younglove was taken in a car to the Commercial House where he is now confined and made as comfortable as possible.

The automobile was not damaged to any extent, further showing that he was not running fast. The steering wheel was somewhat loosened and there was a crack in the body of the car and one front spring was broken. The engines were started and seemed to run all right although it would not pull itself back up the bank owing to the grade and slippery grass on which it stood.

LEHMAN-MARKS.

Pretty Home Wedding Solemnized Yesterday at Noon.

Mr. John Fred Lehman of Clarion, Pa., and Miss Ida Elizabeth Marks of Kasson, Pa., were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Marks, at noon Wednesday, June 5, 1912, by Rev. A. S. M. Hopkins of Hazelhurst. Only the immediate family were present. An elegant wedding dinner was served and the happy couple left on the afternoon train for a short wedding trip, after which they will reside at Clarion, Pa. The Miner extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Lehman.

GIRL WANTED.

Good dining room girl. Apply at Hotel Hazel, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Leave your order for Pineapples for canning. Price $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 doz.

ELLSWORTH'S GROCERY.

TWO SERIOUS AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS.

J. C. Backus' Car Badly Wrecked on Sunday.

WOMAN INJURED MEMORIAL DAY.

Wife of Traveling Man Has Collar Bone Broken When J. E. Wigert's Car Crashes Into Buggy Near Crosby—The Backus Car Turned Turtle Near Kane and Two Men Were Injured.

Two quite serious automobile accidents occurred in this vicinity, which are considered lucky in the fact that they might have been so much worse.

The first occurred near Crosby on Memorial Day when an automobile containing seven men ran into a buggy in which were a traveling man and his wife. The lady was thrown out and both wheels of the automobile passed over her chest and she only sustained a broken collar bone and a fracture of one or two ribs, when one would naturally expect that it would have crushed out her life almost instantly.

The accident happened in an unusual, yet in an ordinary way, and taking a liberal view of it one might say that it was one of those accidents where no one was really to blame, while on the other hand both parties did not use all the precaution possible.

Wigert's car was only a short distance behind another car which the traveling man turned out of the road to let pass and he tried to pass this rig on the same turnout, and the occupants of the rig, not knowing that another car was also trying to pass, turned back into the road just ahead of the Wingert car. Both were taking a chance—the traveling man in not looking back, and Wingert in not making sure that the parties were warned before he tried to pass the rig.

The right front wheel of the car locked with the left rear wheel of the buggy and the lady was thrown out in front of the car, both wheels running over her before the automobile could be stopped.

The injured woman was picked up and placed in another automobile and hurried to Smethport where she was attended by Dr. John Clark, at the Hotel Imperial, and on Friday she was taken in an automobile to the Bradford hospital, where we understand she is getting along nicely.

Owing to the fact that a relative of the injured lady is in a very serious condition we withhold the names of the traveling man and his wife that her injury will not alarm her.

The Backus Car Wrecked.

Murl E. Backus, driving J. C. Backus' Cadillac car met with a serious automobile accident near Kane on Sunday, of which the Kane Republican of Monday says:

"Murl Backus, of Smethport, came over from the county seat yesterday morning and brought a party in an automobile.

"In the afternoon he and Messrs. H. Keller, of Smethport, Frank Scott, Richard Fowler, Richard Jacobs and Harry Richardson, started out for a joy ride, driving around town for a while, and then started down the Westmore road.

"When in the vicinity of James Campbell's farm and while descending the hill, at the bottom of which is a sharp curve, the driver lost control and as the machine was running at about a 40-mile-an-hour clip when it left the road, striking a fence post and after knocking seven of these out as a bowler would knock down ten pins, it turned turtle pinning the occupants of the car underneath. As good luck would have it the men escaped with but slight injuries. Frank Scott, a cutter at the American Window Glass factory was cut and bruised about the head and face, and Jacobs had one thumb cut off. The news of the accident spread and soon the injured men were all taken to the hospital where their injuries were dressed."

Monday morning, J. C. Backus, John Saulpaugh and Walter Brenneman went over to Kane and brought the damaged car home in the afternoon. The top, body, radiator, hood, steering gear and fenders were badly demolished; one rear spring was broken, and one wheel somewhat dented, but the engines and running gear were in good shape and after a few minor repairs on the radiator and steering gear they drove the car to Smethport on its own power, Mr. Backus having sold the Flanders-20 that they went to Kane in to the Kane Garage Company.

Mr. Backus will probably have the car repaired. He estimates his loss at between four and five hundred dollars.

MR. HAMLIN THANKED.

Resolution Passed by Borough Council Monday Evening.

The following resolution of thanks was adopted by the Smethport borough council at their meeting Monday evening:

Whereas, through the benificence of our estimable townsman, Hon. Henry Hamlin, the Borough of Smethport has been enabled to install an excellent fire alarm and is now better equipped with fire-fighting apparatus than most places of even greater population, and

Whereas, the council and burgess of said borough are desirous for themselves and on behalf of the people whom they represent to express their gratitude and appreciation for the same; therefore be it

Resolved that a vote of thanks be extended the worthy gentleman, and be it further

Resolved, that this resolution be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, published in the town papers and copy thereof sent to Hon. Henry Hamlin.

J. CLAYTON BACKUS, Pres.
GEO. H. DENNING,
C. L. IRONS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
W. C. DALY,
LEWIS RAYMER,
G. W. BRENNAN,
Council of the Borough of Smethport.

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Burgess.

ANDREWS "NOT GUILTY."

Verdict Rendered in Erie Court by Jury Last Week.

Erie, Pa., May 29.—(Special)—John M. Andrews, who was accused of killing Emile Amann at Warren, Pa., and who was convicted on the first trial held in Warren, was on his second trial in this city, acquitted. The verdict was reached at 8:45 o'clock to-night.

The twelve men in the jury box retired at 5:05 p. m. and at 7:15 p. m. left the jury room for supper. They returned from their evening meal at 7:45 and an hour later they filed into the court room after sending word that a verdict had been reached.

The court room was filled with spectators including a number of the relatives of the prisoner. Andrews sat beside his lawyers. He was from all outward appearances, very calm and wore a look of confidence upon his face.

In answer to the question of Judge Walling, the foreman of the jury arose and announced that a verdict had been reached.

"What is your verdict?" asked Judge Walling.

"Not guilty."

Andrews was seen to give a sigh of relief and in a moment there was an outburst of cheering for the prisoner on the part of the audience and friends of the once condemned man. His wife and children and other relatives crowded toward the acquitted man and as he embraced them, there were many tears. Andrews was kept busy for some time receiving the congratulations of his friends.

A few minutes later Andrews walked from the court room a free man. He expressed the opinion to a squad of reporters that he was confident of acquittal in Erie or any other place where a fair and impartial trial could be had.

Andrews left Erie to-night for Pittsburgh, having received word that his aged mother was dying in that city.

PLANTS FOR SALE.

Home grown Cabbage and Tomato plants for sale.

JOHN HALLSTROM,
It Mill St.

Provin's Sanitary Baked Goods

Can be had at the Ellsworth Grocery. Fresh every day.

A fine lot of Aster plants for sale.

R. C. SASSE.

MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES IN SMETHPORT.

The Day Was Fittingly Observed by Smethport People.

THE CEREMONIES AT ROSE HILL.

Large Parade—Excellent Address by E. H. French—Music by I. O. O. F. and Citizens' Bands and Glee Club T. H. Morrison Reads Lincoln's Address.

Memorial Day, Thursday, May 30, was observed in Smethport in the usual appropriate manner, the services at Rose Hill cemetery calling out an unusually large number of people when it is considered that the day was dark, cold and threatening until the services were nearly over. Then the sun came out and smiled approval on those who had added their mite to paying proper tribute to our soldier and sailor dead.

The parade formed in the following order and marched to the cemetery to the tuneful strains of the I. O. O. F. and Citizens' bands:

Marshal E. W. Jones and Aides.
I. O. O. F. Band.
Smethport Fire Department.
McKean Lodge, No. 359, I. O. O. F.
Citizens' Band.
Boy Scouts.
School Children and Teachers.
Automobiles containing members of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., and other veterans and speakers and officers of the day.

The parade made a fine appearance and attracted many people who made favorable comments all along the line.

The exercises at Rose Hill cemetery were unusually beautiful and impressive. They were opened by a selection by the I. O. O. F. band, which was followed by a prayer by Rev. J. W. McGavern. Then followed the impressive services of Post No. 347, G. A. R., over the graves of their departed comrades. Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg, which was to have been read by G. B. Mayo, was well read by Thos. H. Morrison in the absence of Mr. Mayo. The Citizens' band rendered a pleasing selection. President of the Day, Ralph E. Burdick, made a few appropriate remarks and introduced Dr. E. H. French, orator of the day, who took about fifteen minutes in delivering one of the best orations we have heard in a long time and which follows this article. The Glee Club then rendered some excellent vocal music, which was followed by the rendition of "America" by both bands and the audience. Owing to the absence of Rev. J. F. Dugan, the services were closed with a prayer by Rev. J. W. McGavern. The graves of veterans and others were then strewn with flowers by comrades and relatives after which the countermarch was taken up.

Mr. French's Address.

Following is the address delivered by Mr. French:

Fellow Citizens:—It is fitting that we of a succeeding generation are permitted to consecrate this day to those who sacrificed ambition, happiness and life itself, in order to perpetuate a nation founded upon the ideal that all men are created free and equal. We come here to-day with humility and reverence in our breasts, that we may "honor those to whom honor is due," those who remain to us from the fast thinning ranks of the Grand Old Army, and to place a flower, and bow our heads with respect as we dedicate the last resting place of those who surrendered, so much, that we might enjoy peace, prosperity, and happiness, and that our nation might stand as a beacon light to all the world, proclaiming to them the doctrine of liberty and equality, that they could see and profit by our example.

It is eminently fitting that we of a succeeding generation, thus renew our faith in the stability of the principles for which these heroes fought, bled and died and with this faith in our hearts, with the help of Divine Providence, we may also face the crises of our day with the same spirit that marked that noble army.

Little can we—we of the younger generation—understand the suffering, misery and heartaches endured by the mothers, wives and sweethearts at home as they watched their "boys

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Ghosts For Two

By John Philip Orth

There was Miss Kitty Vernon, visiting her married sister at Keith Hall, far out in the country, and there was Mr. Jack St. Clair, stopping at his brother's place, three miles from Keith Hall, for the fall hunting and shooting. Only three miles apart, and Miss Kitty galloping over the highways on her pony, and Jack roaming about on foot, and yet three long weeks had passed and the two had not caught sight of each other.

There is much talk about magnetic attraction, but the weather is sometimes against it, or there is a range of hills to carry the current off at a tangent.

Jack St. Clair was a poor shot and a worse fisherman. It is just such fellows that go sloshing around and spoil the fun for others. When a snipe has been shot at 40 or 50 times without being even grazed he flies away to Canada for a rest, and the fish who has been permitted to eat all the bait off a hook time after time without being caught finally seeks other waters where there is something doing.

When Jack came home from his all day excursions without so much as a bird's tail-feather or the scale of a fish his sister-in-law would say to him:

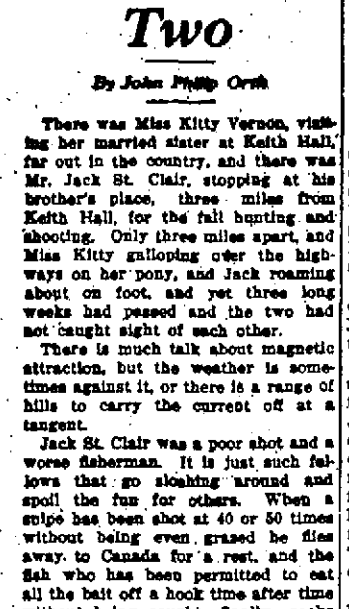
"Why not give it up?"

"Why should I?"

"Give it up and spend your time looking for a wife. You are twenty-five years old, fairly wealthy, and it's time you settled down."

"But I am looking. That's one good thing about the country—you can look for snipe, fish and a wife at the same time. No lost hours. If you don't get snipe you may get fish. If you don't get fish you may meet a damsel in distress and rescue her and marry her."

Miss Kitty Vernon was not much of a horsewoman. When riding in the city park her horse was used to the paths and sights and cantered along half asleep and as steady as a clock. Her sister's country pony would shy at stumps, rabbits and geese, and when meeting with a farmer carrying



Would stand up on his hind legs

eggs to the village he would stand up on his hind legs and paw the air. Such conduct had its embarrassing side. And then, when she had been to the village three times and galloped over the highways so often the scenery lost its appeal, she would return from a ride looking anything but enthusiastic and her sister would say:

"Why not give it up?"

"And do what?"

"Sit on the porch."

"And why that?"

"A young man may come along in an auto any hour and bust a tire and have to ask for tools to repair it. Just such an event has brought about scores of marriages."

"Humph! It will be something more romantic than a busted tire that will interest me! In riding around the country I may come across a young man caught in a barbed-wire fence—one about to hang himself for unrequited love—one who has been driven to the top of a haystack by a savage bull and needs my help to get down. I shall continue to go about until something happens."

Half-way between the village and Keith Hall, making it a mile and a half each way, was the old abandoned Parsons house. There were six acres of land around it grown up to bush and weed, and the house itself had gone to wreck. One thought of spooks when viewing it, even by daylight, and it was strange that it was not down on the list of haunted houses. Miss Kitty Vernon had passed it many a time, and Mr. Jack Sinclair had spent half an hour investigating the interior.

Fate sometimes gets a lazy streak on, and then things move as slow as molasses creeping across the kitchen floor. Young man and maiden had somehow dodged each other for four whole weeks when Fate woke up. Then came a morning when the chickens and ducks said it was going to rain. They beat the weather bureau at that sort of business. Mr. Sinclair decided not to go gunning and fishing but to try his hand at a toy wheelbarrow for his little niece, and Miss Vernon decided to sit on the porch with a rain-coat on and watch for the automobilist.

Noon and no rain yet! The wheelbarrow wouldn't wheel. The auto'st—the only one that came along—was an old curmudgeon who was in a hurry to get somewhere, and he never looked at the girl on the porch and there was no explosion.

Two o'clock and no rain! Mr. Jack yawned and swore, and Miss Kitty yawned and didn't swear.

Three o'clock—four o'clock! Same overcast sky—same cackling hens and quacking ducks, but the first drop of rain had yet to fall.

"Hang it, but this is the very best sort of snipe weather!" exclaimed Mr. Jack as he shouldered his gun and set out.

"I've got a letter to mail, and I'll canter to the village and back," said Miss Kitty as she ordered the man to saddle the pony.

Fate was planning. A snipe or some other bird—one is not over-particular about the species—led Mr. Jack a two-mile chase. It did so by offering him about fifty fair shots, and of course every one of them was a miss. He had just aimed for his fifty-first miss when a drop of rain hit him on the nose and the long-deferred downfall began to get busy. The old Parsons house was the nearest shelter, and he made for it.

The pony was galloped into the village and the letter mailed, and she headed for home. Half a mile from the Parsons house, and just as it began to rain, the pony caught sight of a log beside the road he had passed a hundred times and shied at it. Out of the saddle went Miss Kitty, and away for home galloped the pony. No bones broken and no skulls fractured, but no one can take a flop of the sort without a few bumps and being mussed up more or less.

The rain was making porridge of the dust when the unseated and very angry maid started for the old house. She didn't intend to enter, but to stand around until the rain ceased. She reached it to find that she must at least step into the hall to get any shelter at all. It was not yet so dark that she couldn't see her way, but yet dark enough for ghosts to turn on the current and open shop.

Mr. Sinclair had reached the house fifteen minutes ahead of the girl, and had taken a seat on the rotting floor of what had been the parlor. Five minutes before her arrival he had heard a queer sound upstairs, but several of the stair steps were gone and he could not have investigated if he had wished. He heard rather than saw Miss Kitty timorously enter the hall, and he could not make out what was going on.

A growling from upstairs—a pattering across the floor—a bumpety-bump! Ghosts for two! The real thing and no discount!

Miss Kitty screamed out and fell down the front steps. Mr. Sinclair exclaimed, "The devil!" and also made for out of doors! He saw something flying towards the highway and he up with his gun and fired. He missed, of course, but there was a scream and the something fell down, and the huddle was under his feet before he made out that it was a girl in rain-wet and clinging garments.

"Oh, Mr. Ghost!" from the bundle.

"Who is it! What is it!"

"Sir, how dare you!"

"You hid there on purpose!"

"And you came on purpose!"

There was a moment's silence, and then both laughed heartily and even in the pouring rain explanations were entered into.

"But there was surely a ghost upstairs," protested the girl.

"And I will come here tomorrow and rout it out."

Hand in hand, through rain and mud and darkness, Mr. Sinclair finally delivered his charge into her sister's care and then went his further way.

"Now, then, Miss Kitty, you have had an adventure!" accused her sister.

"I have."

"And I demand to—"

"Oh, you needn't. I have been bucked off by the pony, rolled in the mud, rained on, visited a haunted house, heard a ghost and met the man I am to marry. That's all!"

And next day, when Mr. Sinclair visited the Parsons house he found upstairs an old sat with her tail caught in a crack in the floor, and he blessed her and set her at liberty.

Natural History.

She was a poor little city girl who had spent all her life in a boarding house where they have chicken every Sunday, and it always fell to her lot to get a drumstick. All the five long years of her long little life she had been having drumsticks, so that was as far as her knowledge of the anatomy of a fowl extended.

Last week she was taken to the country for the first time, and saw some real, live chickens. But she was haunted by the memory of myriads of drumsticks. She couldn't understand. Turning to her father, she exclaimed:

"Papa, I didn't know chickens only had two legs!"

Costly City Improvements.

Each year the city of London grows smaller—that is to say, in respect of the actual area available for business premises. Street improvements are ever in progress, and each step taken means the lessening to that extent of the ground which can be devoted to bricks and mortar. In the last twelvemonth alone the city corporation paid £175,000 for land thus acquired, and at the close of the year the claims outstanding aggregated £227,370. The cost to the rate payers may be judged from the fact that a penny rate produces just over £22,000.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Marrying The Boss

By Carl Jenkins

Olga Schmidt had heard things about far-off America months and months before she landed at Ellis Island. Her brother Jake had been over her for two or three years, and then returned home on a visit.

"Why, father," he said, "though you are an old man you can earn $2 a day in America. They want old men there. They don't want their work done too quick, as young men would do it. The grocer for whom I work has to tell me a dozen times a day that I must sit down and rest. Yes, it's two dollars a day for you."

"And can I earn anything?" asked the mother.

"Can you? Why, they have great buildings there, and the hundreds and hundreds of offices must be swept and the halls mopped. For every ten scrub women there is a boss woman. You shall be a boss at one hundred dollars a month. You are German, and you will make them bear down hard with their brushes."

"And about me?" asked Olga, who was twenty years old, and had never been five miles from the hut in which she was born.

"Better and better," replied the brother. "It is you who are going to be a great lady and ride in your auto. You will have furs, diamonds, servants—everything. You will order your groceries of me, for I shall soon own a store of my own."

"But how?"

"Just one little thing, and it's so easy to do. You will go to work in a shirtwaist factory, and in a month you will marry the boss. He will have a barrel of money. You are promised to Carl Swager, but he must let you off. He's no boss. When the boss of the factory in America sees your red cheeks and blue eyes he falls in love and asks you to marry him. It is a great country, sister."

Much more than this Olga heard and believed, and she gave Carl Swager his dismissal and sailed away to America. She had a place three days after landing. Of course, the girls questioned her, and it tickled them half to death to hear her seriously re-

"It is a great country, sister."

ply that she was there to marry the boss. Her words got to him, and he called her in and discharged her. The foreman of her department was attracted to her, being German himself, and he helped her to find another place. When brother Jake was told of the change he explained that here and there was a boss that was married, and of course he couldn't put his wife away right off. With a little patience she must strike the right boss.

When Olga had been in her second place a few days she heard that the boss was a single man, and she wrote the good news to Jake, who replied:

"I told you so. Truly, America is a great country. Cast your eyes down when the boss says he loves you. They all do that on Fifth avenue. It makes a boss more fierce. The grocery business was fine."

"You are a poor worker, and you get the lowest wages and the most fines. Why do you stay?"

The question was asked Olga at her second place, and her answer was prompt:

"I am here to marry the boss!"

"Olga you are a fool."

"It is so in America, and I'm not a fool. He may come in any day and ask me to marry him."

Two days later she was discharged. She went hom weeping and sent word to the German foreman of her first place.

"You see," he said when he called that evening, "your boss has had two wives and divorced both. He wants a little rest before he takes a third. There is something your brother Jake did not understand. I think I can get you a place where the boss is a single man."

The place was secured, and Olga's experience was about the same. She spoiled a garment the first thing, and when told that she must pay for it she replied:

"You must see the boss about it."

"But for why? Does he know you?"

"No, but I am here to marry him!"

"To do what!"

"To marry him and to be a great lady!"

That afternoon Olga was sent for by the boss. She faced him smiling. She thought the critical moment had come, and it had.

"Right away quick you was gone!" was the exclamation, and the girl was escorted out.

Poor Olga had lost her third place and had failed to marry a boss. She wiped the tears from her eyes and went over to the grocery in Brooklyn to see brother Jake.

"Was it a marriage yet?" he asked.

"No. It was some more what you call bouncing."

"Was it possible! Maybe your boss was a near-sighted man.

"And maybe I was called a fool!" exclaimed the girl as she began to sob.

"But I think I see how it is, sister," consoled the brother. "No woman in America must say right out that she shall marry such and such a man. If she does the man becomes afraid."

"But if I don't say that I'm there to marry the boss he may think I want to marry one of the foremen or cutters."

"He may, but you look at my case. When I came to this country I don't say that in a little time I am going to own this grocery and have the boss working for me. No, I said nothing. I spoke to no one about it."

"And what have you done?"

"I have taken from the cash register almost enough to buy out the stock. A few more months will do it. Olga, you have talked too much. You must get another place and keep still. When you have married the boss you can talk."

Olga got her fourth place and followed instructions for three long months. Not a word did she have to say about marrying the boss, although she came to know that he was a widower of long standing and had had his rest. The other girls in the factory came to call her the Silent One, but she didn't care for that. No, not a word about the boss, but she had not found herself not to be a girl and practice a few girlish arts. For instance, she knew where the boss lunched, and she would manage to meet him on the street and smile and bow. If she encountered him in the hall of the factory she would cast down her eyes and blush. One day, not recognizing her with her hat on, he lifted his to her and invited her to luncheon. The meal was almost finished before he discovered her identity. Then she was discharged on the spot.

Again she went over to the grocery to see Jake. He heard the tale and replied:

"I can't make it out. You see how it is with me. My name is now over the door, and now the boss is my clerk. I think you made a mistake with that boss. You should have waited for him to ask you about ten times."

"But I was hungry."

"I see, but you got the skate. Well, we must try again. I said you must marry a boss, and so it shall be."

Just at that moment Carl Swager entered the store. Olga at once fell into his arms and exclaimed:

"Oh, Carl when did you come?"

"Three months ago."

"And I am in such trouble!"

"I will help you out."

"I came to America to marry a boss."

"Well, I am a boss now."

"You don't mean it!"

"For sure. I work on the street with a Dago and a Dutchman. The Dago bosses me and I boss the Dutchman!"

"Then—then—"

Then they were married.

HAND AND BRAIN CONNECTED

Ambidexterity, the Fad a Short Time Ago, Has Really Little to Recommend It.

There was a fad some twenty years ago among certain classes to make the children use both hands equally, with a view to developing ambidexterity. There were very few successful results; on the contrary, the children that used only one hand seemed to get along better in every way, especially in intellectual development. The explanation for this is found in the fact that the control of the hand is intimately connected with the development of language, but the brain-centers that have to do with language are situated on the left side—that is, in connection with the centers that control the right arm and hand.

An examination of thousands of human skeletons showed that in every case in which the right arm had a greater development than the left arm there was a corresponding development on the left side of the skull. Left-handed persons would accordingly be expected to have less language ability, on the whole, than right-handed persons; and children that used both hands indifferently, under compulsion, would hinder still more the development of their ability in the use of language.

In the German army Doctor Bardleben found 3.38 per cent. of left-handedness. This figure is to be considered as rather lower than the true ratio, as many left-handed men deny or fail to report the fact. In northeastern parts of Germany left-handedness is less frequent than in the central parts. It is curious that among the monkeys the orang-outang and the hylobates are right-handed, while the gorilla and the chimpanzee are left-handed.

Women Aid Good Roads.

Prominent women in Missouri, many of them motorists, have shown members of their sex in other states that, though they haven't got the ballot, their persistence in petitioning the governor and the legislature has aided the good roads movement. Missouri women have sent hundreds of letters to the capital on that subject, indicating not only zeal for better highways, but insight into the possibilities of road betterment.

Across the Aisle

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press)

"That's Eagle's Nest pass, now," said the man across the aisle, eagerly. "Mighty pretty in this sunset light, eh?"

Jess opened her eyes. She had been drowsing for the last hour. The view was gorgeous from the car windows. She leaned forward, and looked out at the great encircling mountains, the still, dark lake far below the track, the vast, outstretching distances beyond the pass itself. Somewhere over toward the golden sunset lay her brother's ranch, and the new life that had swept her out of the rut down east. After ten years of school teaching in the country, it seemed like enchantment that she should be out here, skimming over the last ridge of the Rockies.

"It won't be all easy work, Jess," Tom had written, "but I've got the upper hand of things here now, and I think you'll like it."

The man across the aisle was talking to his fellow passenger, a sleepy old man, who had been dozing comfortably, and refused to warm up to the glories of the scenery.

"I wouldn't give a hand's breadth of this country up here for all Manhattan."

"Where you from?" growled back the other.

"Deerfoot, sir. Finest section and richest out here. Come into the smoking compartment with me and let me tell you about it."

He rose impulsively, a tall, strong-limbed youngster, with all the vivid assurance and hope of the west in his face. Suddenly he hesitated and looked across the aisle at the girl there. Their eyes met. He almost smiled, and reached for a handbag in the upper rack.

"Could I leave this with you just while I step into the smoker?" he asked. "I won't be more than half an hour."

Jess bowed her head assentingly and he slipped the bag in beside her own suitcase on the floor. It seemed very heavy. After he had gone Jess threw her fur scarf over it and wondered who its owner was.

Not ten minutes later the train slowed up. There was the sharp hiss of air brakes. The wheels seemed to grate and grind along on the rails. Almost instantly shots sounded up forward. Some of the men passengers rose. Jess held her breath and wondered if, after all, she was not to reach her new life.

The doors at the end of the car swung open. Two masked, armed men entered.

"Hands up and shut up, and nobody'll be hurt," said one tersely. The other started systematically to search. At Jess' seat he reached for her suitcase and saw the girl had fainted. Her pretty head lay back on the roll top of the seat, white and deathlike, and it checked him. He glanced at the suit case, back at her face, and passed on. Under her skirts rested the leather satchel unobserved.

When she came to some one was bathing her face in cold water.

"Plucky? Well, rather. That's better. It's all right now. We're on our way and the gang didn't get what it wanted after all," he leaned nearer; "thanks to you."

"I don't know what you mean," faltered Jess.

"Of course you don't, but I'm mighty obliged to you just the same. They passed by the smoker and missed me, and didn't look for my belongings in your seat, that's all."

"You mean the satchel?"

"You didn't try to lift it, did you? It's full of solid gold. I think you deserve to know, don't you? Do you mind if I sit here? We'll be into Eagle View in 20 minutes, and I leave the train there."

"So do I," said Jess, shyly.

"Where bound?" There was no mistaking his eagerness.

"To the Sawtooth ranch. It's my brother's."

"Tom McQuaid's? Why, we're neighbors. It's a queer little juggler's ball that we dance on, this world, isn't it? I'm Raleigh Sayres, superintendent at the Deerfoot works. Why, when I first spoke to you, and you looked at me, I—why, I just felt as if we must know each other. Don't you know what I mean?"

Jess' long dark lashes drooped downward.

"I know," she said. "I'm glad too, that you will be near—Tom."

"But do you know what you've done this day? Why, you'll be the heroine of the whole valley! We pay off in gold up there. So, well—the gold is in that satchel, and back yonder in the pass there's a band of train robbers wondering who gave the wrong tip that the Deerfoot money was to go through on this train. Do you see now? It rested safely right here under your blessed feet."

"But I fainted. I wasn't a bit brave," protested Jess.

"And made doubly sure thereby," he laughed.

The train was pulling around the last mountain curve into Eagle View. He helped to slip her long cloak about her and fold the dark furs close about her throat. Then he reached down for the satchel and her suit case.

"I think Tom will meet me," said Jess, demurely. "But you may come, all the same—soon."

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GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 6, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Come to Smethport July 4th.

—In speaking of danger, nitro-glycerine and the motorcycle driver by a reckless rider, should not be overlooked.—Bradford Era.

—The claim of the late Elizabeth I. Kidder for $1,000.00 was satisfactorily adjusted May 31st, 1912, by the Ladies of the Macabees of the World.

—Baptist church services. Morning preaching at 10:30 a. m., subject "Life Full of Perils." Sunday school 11:45 a. m. Evening preaching, 7:30, subject, "Most Beautiful Place in This World." J. Booth, pastor.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday, morning service will be at 10:30, subject, "Two Baptisms." An opportunity will be afforded Sunday morning for baptisms. Parents may bring children or adults present themselves. In the evening at 7:30 the pastor will speak to the Odd Fellows. All are cordially invited.

—Attorneys L. B. Seibert of Coudersport and F. P. Cummings of Williamsport, representing the Austin and Costello Flood Sufferers association, have begun injunction proceedings against the Stanley Bayless Pulp and Paper mill at Austin asking that this corporation be restrained from using the wooden dam on Freeman Run.

—"The Devil" was the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum last Friday and the company played to a small house. "Dr. Jackel and Mr. Hyde" was booked for Saturday night by the same company, but owing to lack of attendance, the performance was declared off. Those who attended the performance of "The Devil" said the company was fairly well balanced but for some reason they did not make a hit.

—Of the many freaks played by the wind that of yesterday, which lifted the nest of a setting hen made in an empty cracker box and deposited it, hen and 13 eggs, on the top of a rural mail delivery box a quarter of a mile away, was the strangest. The hen is the property of Mrs. Ida Erickson, living three miles east of Greeley, Col., and her owner saw the wind take the nest from the ground, lift it 30 feet in the air, and finally leave it on the box undisturbed. The hen has settled down to her new location and will be left to hatch.—Denver Republican.

—Infuriated because pretty 13-year-old Annie Lynch refused to marry him and jealous because she went to a circus Thursday with a rival, Fred J. Brown, aged 23, of Easton, Pa., on Friday shot and killed the girl and then turned the pistol on himself with perhaps fatal results. Brown was recently discharged from the army after three years' service. He met the girl at a church entertainment shortly after his return to Easton and became so smitten with her charms that he proposed marriage on the evening of their first meeting. Annie's father, when he learned of the proposal, ordered Brown to keep away, but the man continued to seek the girl at every opportunity.

—A horrible accident occurred at Helvetia, near DuBois, on Saturday morning, when the clothes of Edwin Brent, the four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Brent, caught fire as he played with a small bon fire and burned him so badly that he died in awful agony five hours later. The accident happened at an early hour. The father is a prominent miner of Helvetia and shortly after he went to work Mrs. Brent set several pieces of paper on fire in her back yard and then stepped into the door of her neighbor to see a sick woman. Two minutes later she was startled to hear one of her older daughters screaming for help and ran out to find the little boy burning. She hastily beat out the fire on his clothes, burning her hands in doing so, but not before the lad had been seared so badly as to result fatally.

—Monday's Era: Edward Chrisman, the 11-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Chrisman of No. 701 East Main street, was painfully injured last evening when he was struck and knocked down by an automobile owned by Hugh Grant. The accident happened on East Main street not a great ways from the home of the boy. Chrisman, with other boys, was playing in the street. As Mr. Grant approached with his machine, the boy was seen to run directly in front of the automobile. The injured lad was picked up and placed in Mr. Grant's automobile and hastened to the Bradford hospital where late last night it was reported that he was resting comfortably and that his recovery would be speedy. Dr. O'Hern, who was called, found that the lad had sustained lacerations about his face and there was a contusion on the back of his head.

—At a meeting of Company C of the 16th regiment, held Wednesday evening at the armory, F. P. Schoonmaker, Esq., was elected captain of the company, to succeed R. H. Slone, resigned. Mr. Schoonmaker was the unanimous choice of the members of the company. He made a short speech of acceptance and is now in command of Company C. At the conclusion of the election, the company was inspected by Major James McInerney, the brigade inspector, and Major Smathers. The company made an excellent showing. Major Smathers is the superintendent of the school at Grove City, Pa. The inspecting officers and officers of the local company enjoyed a lunch at the Option House following the election and inspection—Bradford Star-Record.

—Henry Abegglen, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfried Abegglen, who reside near Ridgway, has been missing since Saturday at five o'clock. Was last seen in Ridgway. The lad was a few months over sixteen years old. He was a boy of good habits and had no trouble at home. Those who talked with the lad in Ridgway Saturday evening all report that he said he was going home, and he did not intimate any thought of running away. The parents are very uneasy about the boy and fear the lad has met with some accident or foul play. The boy was not large for his age. He had rather light hair, a little disposed to curl, and grey eyes. He wore a dark blue suit and brown soft shirt and light blue necktie. Any information will be gladly received by the parents. Address Godfried Abegglen, box 60, Ridgway, Pa. Other papers are requested to copy.

FINE DRAMA SEASON

ATTRACTIONS AT PLUNKVILLE REVIEWED BY EDITOR.

Opening With Greater Barnstormers' Minstrels, the List Included Prof. Svengali, "East Lynne," "Jesse James" and Others.

"The dramatic season just ended," said the Wineaap County Weekly Vindicator, "was the most successful in the history of Plunkville, both from an artistic and a financial point of view.

"Early in October the season was ushered in with the Greater Barnstormers' Minstrels, with 16 performers in high top slickems and beautiful pink dusters, who played the most ravishing circus marches in the courthouse yard. At the evening performance many of the latest melodies were rendered, including 'After the Ball,' 'Hot Time Tonight,' and 'Love Mub and the World is Mine;' also many first-class jokes which have never been seen in the almanacs in this section. Our versatile and talented barber, band leader, baseball pitcher, orchestra conductor, and society favorite, Mr. Nick Duggins, secured an engagement with the minstrels to play second baritone and double up in the evening as 'Mr. Rastus Johnsing Brown.'

"In November a hypnotist and entertainer called 'Prof. X. Svengali,' occupied the boards at the opera house. Professor Svengali put Sam Tucker, the tinner, into a trance, and made him stand on his head in the corner and sing the 'Doxology.' After the performance Sam missed a five-dollar bill, but he allowed the fun was worth the money.

"In December we witnessed that soulful and lachrymose drama, 'East Lynne,' put on with great eclat and a whole lot of terrific success. Deacon Shucks, who hasn't cried since his wife ran away with the leader of the Bass Center choir, broke into profuse tears; and as the large concourse of Plunkvillians shuffled down the steps that lead from over S. Quigley's well-known commission, confectionery and farm implements emporium, there was not a dry eye on the stairs.

"About the middle of January the Plunkville Thespian and Terpsichorean Troupe rendered 'Kate, the Convict's daughter,' for the benefit of the South Sea head hunters. Miss Sadie Sebree, our talented milliner, who took the immortal role of Kate Kipper, made a pronounced hit and admits that, when it comes to finished trap-door and red-light situations, she has Mme. Bernhardt backed off the boards.

"The spring attractions included 'Ten Nights in a Barroom,' 'Jesse James,' a Shakespearean elocutionist who put everybody to sleep faster than Parson Buckner does, and a man without arms who played the bass viol with his toes.

"For the next season Manager Tobe Scruggles will maintain the same high standard. He has already engaged 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a fiddling quartet, a moving-picture show, a patent-medicine entertainment and an ossified man. During the summer many notable improvements will be made. A new tin cornice will be erected and the interior will be repainted in exquisite tints of flamingo red, paris green, Helen pink and chrome yellow, with many striking fresco decorations representing Venus, General Grant, Cleopatra, the Muses and Little Bo-peep. For next season the same competent staff will serve the public. Capt. Artemus Jefferson, the saddler, will continue to preside at the box office in return for the privilege of seeing the shows free. Nathan Thomas, the grocer, will light up and make fires and 'Piggy' Partington, the widow's son, will act as usher and carry the red banner with the golden letters in the parades for the same splendid privileges."

New Find of an Old Race.

Fanning Island, in the mid-Pacific ocean, which was recently purchased by a British Canadian syndicate for use as a coaling station, is the scene of remarkable discoveries, the news of which was brought by the steamship Makura, which arrived at Vancouver, B. C., on Dec. 13. Archaeological explorations have brought to view indications that the island was inhabited at some long-ago period by a race with peculiar skill in architecture. Excavations there have unearthed a large stone building, 50 feet wide and 200 feet long, in the construction of which no mortar was used, the stones used having been skillfully mortised together.

Near by this strange structure was found a tomb containing a human skeleton with a necklace made of the teeth of the sperm whale, and of other articles, including the skull of a dog.

All Fixed.

"I think I'll propose at the party tonight."

"No, you won't."

"Why won't I?"

"My sister knows the young lady in the case, and it has been arranged for you to propose at the ball next week."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In Control.

"A man always likes to feel that he is in a position to reward his friends and punish his enemies."

"That's true," replied Senator Sorghum; "sometimes I am tempted to take a position as janitor of a big building."

McKean County Miner
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Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
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HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 6, 1912.

Two Alabama delegates to the National convention instructed for Mr. Taft have flopped to Col. Roosevelt and they justify their action with the claim that 90 per cent. of the Republican voters in that state are for Roosevelt and they want to carry out the will of the people.

Wilbur Wright, of the world famous Wright Brothers, inventors and manufacturers of aeroplanes, died at his home in Dayton, Ohio, on Thursday, May 30th, of typhoid fever from which he has been suffering for some time. The Wright Brothers have made a name in history that will last through ages.

There is much newspaper talk at present of Col. Roosevelt bolting the Chicago convention and running on an independent ticket. Col. Roosevelt is not the man to bolt if he gets anything like a square deal and if he does not get a square deal he would be justified in bolting. The people are going to have something to say about electing the next president of the United States and the sooner professional politicians understand this the better it will be for everybody concerned.

Here is the way the lineup is said to stand as to delegates to the National convention at the present time:

Republican convention delegates, 1,078.

Necessary to nominate, 540.

Claimed by Taft, 570; by Roosevelt, 490.

Conceded to Taft, 225; to Roosevelt, 425.

Instructed for LaFollette, 36; for Cummins, 10.

Not yet chosen, 22.

Uninstructed, 124.

A dispatch from Harrisburg says: Counsel for Joseph M. Huston, the architect of the State Capitol, who served a sentence for complicity in the conspiracy connected with the furnishing frauds, has paid his fine of $500 and costs of $720.71, thus closing up all of the cases as far as he is concerned. Similar payments are expected to be made by William P. Snyder, former auditor-general, and James M. Schumaker, former superintendent of public grounds and buildings, who have been notified that they are liable under a recent decision by the Supreme Court governing cost cases.

In another place in this issue of The Miner we publish in full the Memorial Day address of E. H. French of this borough and every reader of this paper should read it carefully and try to follow the advice it gives. Mr. French tells some facts when he says that the people of the United States are facing nearly as grave a crisis as they did in the days of the rebellion and asks every man to volunteer to the army which must preserve the country which their fathers gave their lives to save in the past. He says that greed of money is threatening our patriotism and our very homes and that our nation can be only preserved by the people educating themselves to the true state of affairs and fighting with the ballot for their country, their homes and an honorable existence. Mr. French has sized the situation up completely and his address contains many suggestions for the betterment of his fellow men.

ROOSEVELT CAMPAIGN SONG.

It Is a Parody of the "Houn' Dawg" Song of Champ Clark.

The Roosevelt campaign song has made is appearance in Chicago. The staff workers in charge of headquarters came into the Congress hotel singing it on their arrival.

The song is a parody of the famous "Houn' Dawg" song, the war chant of the followers of Champ Clark. It is sung to the tune of "Casey Jones." Here it is:

TEDDY'S BULL DOG.

Teddy's gotta dawg, but he ain't no hound,
He's a square jawer bull and his face is round,
His legs is short and he's close to the ground.
And you bet they ain't kickin' Teddy's dawg around.

Chorus.

Square jawed bull and his face is round,
Square jaw'ed bull, and he ain't no hound,
Short legged bull, close to the ground.
And you bet they ain't kickin' Teddy's bull around.

MEMORAIL DAY EXERCISES IN SMETHPORT.

(Continued from Page 1.)

in blue" march away to a battlefield, where a fiery leaden hail would mow their loved ones down, as a reaper mows the golden grain in harvest time or perhaps theirs might be the harder lot to languish in a foul prison, with death at the door and hope its only barrier, waiting the inevitable hour to claim its prey.

Little can we—we of the younger generation—know of the agony of anxiety and suspense as they waited for the lists of killed and wounded, and when they came, and the mother sitting before the fire, knowing full well that she would never again hear the footsteps of her boy, for he lay gaunt and bloody on the gruesome battlefield, and knowing that he would fill an unknown and unmarked grave. Her sacrifice and his were complete. Her one consolation that he had given his all, and she her's, to perpetuate a nation founded upon common equality and common justice, so that future generations might enjoy the fruits of their devotion.

Little, indeed, can we know of your sensations when ordered to charge into the jaws of death, as you did when with Grant in the Wilderness, with Meade at Gettysburg, with Sheridan at Winchester, with Sherman, Thomas, Hooker and a hundred others during the four long years.

Little, indeed, can we appreciate your courage, as you lay wounded and bleeding on the battlefield, striving to continue existence, only for the purpose of continuing the fight for human liberty, human justice and equality of opportunity.

We have before us now, after fifty years, another great crisis in our social, economic and moral development. Our great institutions of government are threatened—from within, by the inhumanity of man's greed, and from without by forces more subtle and insidious than those which caused the great conflict. I mean those who would change our whole form of government, rather than meet face to face the evils which exist and overwhelm them, as you have done—you of the great war. I repeat, therefore, that it is eminently fitting, that to us, of this generation, has been given the opportunity to thus give homage to the living and the dead, that we may the more fully appreciate and realize that our perpetuity as a nation requires individual integrity of action and unselfish devotion—not to party, but to those fundamental principles upon which our government has been founded, so that we may in reality continue to be a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

What does this expression "Government of the people, by the people and for the people" mean to us? First, let us realize that the term government merely refers to those rules that regulate our relations to our neighbor, and that these rules or laws become less defective in direct proportion to our intellectual and moral development.

Laws are not invented as a mechanic will devise a wheelbarrow, but each must be tried out and found wanting, even with the suffering of countless thousands before it approximates even justice to all, and what skill we have in our political methods is the result of ages of suffering and injustice, but by this process of elimination we have found that three great basic laws are necessary to successful government, Union, Liberty and Representation, and, for this reason, we threaten the very foundation of government when we stand for untried theoretical principles, if they are antagonistic to these fundamental laws, no matter how enticing they may seem. On the other hand it is necessary, in order to meet the successive, economic, evolutionary changes, to adopt our laws so as to prevent abuse and without changing the basic principles upon which this nation was founded. Let me illustrate this statement: When our constitution was written our nation was essentially a country of farms. There were no railroads, no great industrial concerns and but few, if any, public utilities, while to-day, we rank foremost among the nations of the earth in industrial enterprise. It was and is essential to have laws to regulate the acts of these great institutions, just as we have laws to regulate our personal acts, for they are collective factors in our great social system, as we are individual factors. If, therefore, these great institutions are able to persuade public servants to represent them and not us, our government ceases to be representative of all the people, by all the people or for all the people, and it loses its stability, for history has taught us that real representation is necessary to permanency; this, then, the preservation of real representation, is the task of our generation, as it was yours—yours of the older generation—to preserve the Union, to insure liberty and protect representative government, and nobly you have performed your task and with inconceivable sacrifice.

The crisis which you met with so much fortitude and courage, was one that required the enlistment of the able bodied youth, manhood and vigor of the nation. You fought your foes openly and fairly. It was physical prowess, physical courage and physical endurance, representing that vital principle of all the ages, human rights over property rights, that allowed you to triumph over those who placed property rights above human rights. Our crises of to-day are fundamentally the same, that great fight which has been going on since the world began, that property rights must come after and not before human rights. Our cause, unlike yours, is one in which all must enlist, there is no age limit. It is necessary, in order that we may continue successfully, those principles of government for which our forefathers fought for all of us, men and women alike, to enlist in a cause that makes our country continue to be a good place to live in.

The forces against us, unlike your foes, do not fight in the open. They do not use physical violence, but they do far worse than this, they corrupt the moral standing of our nation, in order to satisfy their personal greed for the dollar. They undermine the physical prowess of our citizenship by being able to force adulterated and poisonous foods upon our children and in this way they are destroying the vitality of our manhood—unchecked, will menace the stability of our nation.

We take pride in believing and saying that we are a nation of geniuses, that the great advancements in civilization in the past hundred years throughout the world, it due to our intellectual prowess. We point with exultation to our achievements in scientific and mechanical development. We show our visitors a great device which will take the raw material at one end, and without being touched by human hands, bring out at the other a finished fabric. We take them to our mines and show them great shovels doing the work of hundreds of men. We show them the ore, loaded on immense boats by ingenious machines that seem altogether human in their intelligence. With what self-satisfaction do we point to machines that count for us, multiply for us, add for us and divide with unerring accuracy, and we feel, that rightly we can say that we have made civilization, and yet, does it not seem strange, with all this toil saved and with such conservation of human energy, that we must give proportionately, so much more than in the past, to obtain these things and when, for example, we have a piece of this fabric and analyze it, we can find only enough wool to hold it together? Shall we accuse these ingenious devices of making our necessities harder to obtain? Certainly not. They do their part, they certainly advance civilization. There must be, then, some hidden, contradictory force, that while taking advantage of these great accomplishments, fails to allow them to contribute to our social benefit. This, then, is the force with which we all have to contend, in order that civilization may not retrograde, for our existence certainly is of little value unless we go forward and not backward in the cause of social betterments. We must, therefore, not rest in the belief that because you have fought for us and saved this country to us, that we have nothing to do to preserve it; for in just so far as we neglect our government, our government will overlook us in our time of need.

This condition is bringing on us class hatred, and menaces the theories upon which our government was founded. Wise legislation may check the progress of these evils, but it cannot entirely overcome the harm. The final solution can only be reached when the personal selfishness of all classes has been eliminated, as you eliminated your selfishness in the great war and when love of country and brotherhood of man replaces personal greed.

Your dauntless courage at Shiloh, Gettysburg and the Wilderness, with the knowledge that your blood courses in our veins, gives us confidence and trust that we will perform our different part, faithfully, as you have done yours, in the great drama of civilization.

Words are indeed empty to express our obligation, our gratitude and our thankfulness to the Great Army of the Republic—an army made up, not of professional fighters, but volunteers from law abiding citizens. Each State furnished its quota, but none were more loyal than those from the great State of Pennsylvania and no section has a better right to feel proud of its part than this section here. Our whole nation remembers with pride the famous "Bucktails" of Pennsylvania. They are looked upon as England looks upon the famous Light Brigade:

"Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die."

It is therefore, with pride that we thus publicly pay tribute to the Great Army and express our appreciation for your loyalty and self-abnegation in preserving to us a country and a government, good to be born in, good to live in and good to die in, and a flag symbolizing liberty, justice and equality to all.

BITTEN BY SNAKE.

Foreigner Near St. Marys Adopted Novel Cure on Tuesday.

A foreigner with an unapproachable name, who is employed in the lumber operations on Trout Run, near St. Marys, was bitten Monday on the forefinger of the right hand by a rattlesnake while at work, and immediately applied first aid to the injured. He quickly dispached the snake and cutting off the head bound it on the wound. He then opened the body of the reptile and ate some of the raw fat. He came here at once and imbibed in a generous supply of "fire water" and although it put him down for the count, he came out of the stupor none the worse for his experience and returned to work.—Ridgway Record.

Unwritten Law.

While there is no law on the subject, the women do not expect a widower to marry again until his children grow up.—Atchison Globe.

Life's Possibilities.

Hugo: It is a beautiful thing to model a statue and give it life; to mold an intelligence and install truth therein still more beautiful.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending June 1st, 1912:

Robinson, Mr. Harry.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

FOR SALE.

One top buggy; one lumber wagon, wide tire; wagon box; harrow with wooden frame; and patent hay rack. Inquire of J. H. STULL,
4t East Smethport, Pa.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

The largest and best variety of Fruits and Vegetables always fresh at ELLSWORTH'S GROCERY.

I have a fine lot of Aster plants for sale. All plants strong and healthy.
R. C. SASSE.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.
Special
Rate to early applicants for next school year. Chance to save $25.
For particulars address, E. D. Westbrook, Olean, N. Y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Celia A. Sprague, deceased.
Letters of Administration on the estate of Celia A. Sprague, late of Keating township, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to O. T. Chase, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make the same known without delay.
Smethport, Pa., May 27, 1912.-6t

Princeton Paints
$1.50 per Gallon
We pay the Freight
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Three Gallons or More
Send for color card.
A. MILLER & SON LUMBER CO.
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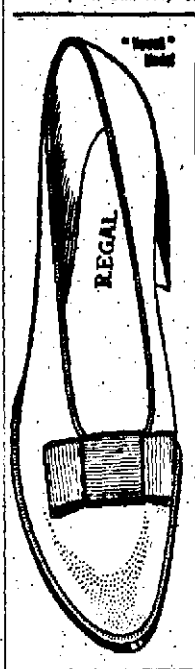

NEW REGALS
IN SHOES AND OXFORDS
Black and Tan. Button and Lace.
All Leathers
All Styles
All Sizes
All Widths
All Prices
Try on a Pair.
H. W. Rubin.
THE OLD RELIABLE CLOTHIER

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey
Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.
It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.
F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—
Smethport, - - - Pa.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To Brasted's

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A BUFFALO PRODUCT
Pierce-Arrow cars every year have been of the highest design and the finest material that engineering practice and the knowledge of metals has allowed. As a consequence thousands of Pierce-Arrow cars manufactured in former years are in service today, giving their owners absolute satisfaction. Several cars of the six-cylinder type, thoroughly reconstructed and guaranteed like new cars, are ready for immediate delivery. Prices range from $900 to $2,500.
Pierce-Arrow Sales Company
756 Main Street
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McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

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The Store of Quality and Low Price.

"WARM WEATHER IS HERE"

But it won't bother you a bit if you have one of our hot plates. We have them in one, two and three burners. If it is GRISWOLD that is all you need to know about a hot plate.

Screen doors from 75c up.
Screen windows from 20c up.
Hammocks from $1.50 up.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

ARE YOU a PROGRESSIVE

It is a birth right given to you to vote as you please. The same right given to you to purchase Groceries. We belong to no trust or combination of prices being the result of our increase in business where groceries are sold at their Market Value.

Best Granulated Sugar	6c lb
7 Bars Oak Leaf Soap	25c
7 Bars Lenox Soap	25c
6 Bars Fells Naptha	25c
Large Size Gold Dust	19c
Royal Baking Powder	39c
Kellogg's Corn Flakes 9c, 3 for	25c
Post Toasties 9c, 3 for	25c
3 Cans Corn	25c
Arm & Hammer Soda	6c
7 lb Best Oat Flakes	25c
Good Rio Coffee	23c
Good Green Tea	38c

Headquarters for Fresh Fruit and Vegetables.

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

Prompt Delivery — Bell 'phone 107

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 6, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Baseball this afternoon at 3:30 at Kane field.

—Come to Smethport to celebrate the Fourth of July.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hoffman, Wednesday, June 5, 1912, a son.

—Mrs. S. R. Lindsley is having a new porch built on the front of her home on Union street.

—The Backus Novelty Company sold a Flanders-20 to the Kane Garage Company on Monday.

—Mt. Jewett vs. Smethport at Kane field this afternoon at 3:30. Go and help the good cause along.

—M. S. Comes of Keating township has purchased a new Rambler automobile through M. M. Pomeroy.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have started excavations for their new factory which will be erected on Mechanic street.

—Mrs. E. A. Studholme entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Wm. A. Hodgkins of Freeman, this county, has purchased a new E. M. F. roadster of the Backus Novelty Company.

—Frederick Specht and Edward Glavin graduate at State College, Pa., June 12, 1912. Congratulations to both young gentlemen.

—The Pomona Grange of this county held a regular meeting at Farmers Valley yesterday. The meeting was well attended and an excellent program was carried out.

—The Mt. Jewett and Smethport first teams will play a game of ball at Kane field this afternoon at 3:30 and all lovers of the game should turn out, for a good game is looked for.

—The I. O. O. F. band appeared in their new uniforms for the first time on Memorial Day. They are of blue, trimmed with gold braid and cord, and they are unusually neat and attractive.

—About twenty friends of Miss Chloe Lyle tendered her a surprise party at her home on Mill street Tuesday evening, it being the anniversary of her birth. A delightful time was had by all fortunate enough to be present.

—Mr. and Mrs. Earl Abbey celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary last evening and quite a number of their friends were present and spent a very pleasant evening. Their guests presented them, as a slight token of the esteem in which they are held, with a very nice oak secretary.

—Persons who are not bonafide automobile dealers and who are driving cars on dealers' licenses, had better get a regular owner's license, for the state authorities are looking up these evaders of the law and fining them besides making them take out a regular license.

—Friday, June 14, will be the 135th anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the flag of the United States. The American Flag association calls upon the President, the governor of each state and the mayors of all cities, and the members of all American patriotic societies to celebrate the day by unfurling the Stars and Stripes.

—Sunday, June 9, is Memorial Day with the I. O. O. F. and on that day appropriate exercises and a sermon will be held in the M. E. church, Rev. J. W. McClaycern delivering the sermon. The Smethport Odd Fellows will meet at their hall at 7 o'clock that evening and will march in a body to the church where the services will begin at 7:30. A large attendance is desired.

—Miss Grace L. Seeley of Bolivar is to be united in marriage on Saturday, June 8, to Mr. Chester A. Sloan of Ormsby, Pa., the marriage to take place in Bradford. Miss Seeley is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stohr, Sr., of this village, is a graduate of the Bradford hospital and a deservingly popular young woman. Mr. Sloan is an employee of the South Penn Oil Co.—Bolivar Breeze.

—That the Fourth of July celebration at Smethport, is going to be a grat success is now an assured fact. The Smethport Fire Department has taken hold of things and has appointed committees to take care of every detail in the best possible manner. The celebration will consist of parades, races, baseball and other athletics and we hope to be able to give the full program in our next issue. In the meantime make up your mind to come to Smethport to celebrate.

—A dispatch from Olean dated June 3, says: Mayor Peter C. Foley this morning suspended City Attorney M. B. Jewell from office, pending a hearing at the next regular meeting of the Common council. The charges in some instances are most sensational, one paragraph of which reads: "And if what the Deputy Clerk says is true, and I firmly believe it is, your conduct is no better than that of a common criminal, and you should be removed from office."

—M. L. Armstrong, who suffered a slight stroke of paralysis about six months ago, was again stricken Sunday night and is now confined to his bed. It is what is called a cross-current stroke and effected his right arm, his speech and the left side of his face. He was stricken some time during the night and neither he nor his wife realized that he had been thus afflicted until she arose Monday morning and called her husband. His many friends in Smethport and vicinity hope for his speedy recovery.

—George Schnell of Clearfield, Pa., was found dead early last Friday along the Belle Valley creek. He had been killed some time during the night when his horse, becoming frightened at some object in the dark, dashed over an embankment. Schnell was thrown out of the buggy and against a fence with such force that his skull was fractured. The body was found by men the next morning who were on their way to work. Schnell was an employe of the P. & E. railroad at Laugdon station.

—The graduating class of the Eldred high school, chaperoned by Miss Lillian Boyce, were in town Saturday and were entertained by Superintendent and Mrs. C. W. Lillibridge. Following are the names of the young people: Misses Susie Ellis, Jessie Welch, Louisa Orliss, Genevieve Roberts, Rita Davy, Helen McFall, Rhea Williams and Alice Barton; and William Hennigan, Bruce Coon, Dennis McGee, George Robson, Francis Holley, Clifford Shields, Myrl Mines, James McGee and James Garelly.

—A thrill was given many spectators who were gathered about the B., R. & P. depot at DuBois, Monday afternoon when an accommodation train started from the depot, a young man named Simmons, who was very much under the influence of liquor walked in front of the train and laid down on the track. The engineer saw the man in time to bring his train to a sudden stop within a few feet of the prostrate form while others pulled the man from his perilous position to safety and the train went on its way.

—Word has just been received by our townsman, Sheridan Gorton, that his son, MacArthur, has accepted a position with Hildreth & Co. of New York, consulting and inspecting engineers, and sailed on Tuesday June 4th, on the steamer Tennyson, for Rio Janiero where he expects to go over the steel works of the Brazil Railway. The salary connected with this position is a very good one and besides he will have excellent opportunities for advancement. And knowing "Mac" as we do we feel safe in predicting that he will not be slow in climbing the ladder.

—William Sharpe, a brakeman in the Erie yards at Bradford, and one of the best known men in that section met with a serious accident Tuesday afternoon. There was no eye witness to the accident, and it is not known yet just how the accident did happen, but it is known that Mr. Sharpe was on the top of a car the last seen of him before the accident, and it is supposed that he fell from the car to the track and the car wheels ran over the right leg above the knee, cutting it off. He was found soon after the accident and taken to the Bradford hospital where he received medical aid.

—Kane Republican of Monday: Herman Moore, the young man who stepped from an engine in front of passenger train 205 yesterday just east of the Pennsylvania Window Glass Co.'s plant, died from his injuries at the hospital last evening about eight o'clock. There was no hope from the first that the injured man would recover as his injuries were many and serious. He was aged 21 years and had resided at Keating with his mother until a few months ago when he accepted a position as brakeman, which cost him his life. He was an only child, and the support of a fond mother who now deeply mourns her loss.

—Now that the State Highway Department has taken over 8,000 miles of improved roads it is the duty of every citizen of McKean county to cooperate in every way with the efforts of the McKean County Good Roads association in their efforts to obtain this county's share of good roads. This county is lacking in good roads, especially in the western part and it is therefore incumbent upon our citizens to do all they can to further this movement, says the Kane Republican. The association will hold a meeting at Bradford, June 6, afternoon and evening, in the Exchange Lyceum. A dinner will be tendered to the visiting supervisors and other guests at the Edgewood club, at the conclusion of the afternoon session. Prominent speakers will be present and address the meeting.

—The well on the Sawyer farm was shot on Tuesday at noon and shortly after threw oil over the top of the derrick. The well will settle down to a good producer, and will further extend the Smethport field. More wells will be drilled in the near future.

FOR SALE.

One horse, a good roadster; one top buggy; one cab buggy, nearly new; one cutter, nearly new; saddle harness and robes. Terms cash or approved security. Apply to

tf DR. JOHN CLARK, Smethport, Pa.

FOR SALE.

An organ, in good condition and fine toned. Call and inspect it.

MRS. AMSTER, Bank Street.

OX ROAST AT REW CITY.

Ox Roast, Clam Bake and Dance at Rew City, July 4th, 1912. Usual Fourth of July celebration. Music by Barr's orchestra. 4t

The New Domestic Vacuum Cleaner

J. L. HUTCHINGS, Agent.
OLEAN, N. Y.
J. M. HORNLEIN,
Demonstrator for Smethport.

The Domestic has already been Placed in the leading homes of Smethport.

EVERY BOYS SUIT IN THIS STORE REDUCED

Buy Now and Save from $1.00 to $2.50

$3.00 for a Knicker boys worth $4.00
$4.00 for a Knicker boys worth $5.00
$4.50 for a Knicker boys worth $6.50
$5.00 for a Knicker boys worth $7.50

Most suits come with 2 pair of Knicker Bocker, lined, pants.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

These Pictures Tell the Story

Grandma used to knit the stockings and mother used to darn them. Daughter doesn't do either—she simply buys "Holeproof."

You no longer think of knitting your own stockings because it takes too much time. Then be equally up-to-date and let us relieve you of the darning.

"Holeproof" is guaranteed to need no darning in six months. If holes appear you merely send in the coupon and worn hose and receive new hosiery free. Come to our store and see both the hosiery and the guarantee. "Holeproof" costs no more than the unguaranteed—25 to 50 cents a pair—so you may as well have the best.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

FRY & COMES,

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

TOILET ARTICLES

Our line of Toilet Articles, Soaps, Powders and Creams, is the best in the market and you you should not be without a generous supply.

Call and inspect our line.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS

than the pantry with locked doors.

ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON. Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,

PHONE 7.

SHOES! SHOES!

his is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna

At Twelve O'Clock

By MARION GORDON

The Lawton's Hallowe'en party was in full swing at eleven o'clock. A pair of grinning, candle-illuminated pumpkins adorned the gate posts and the piazza was hung with smaller jack o' lanterns. Inside the house, walls and ceilings were hung with cobwebs cunningly fashioned from twine and from every corner there peered glassily-staring owls and evil-looking witches, the latter accompanied by broomstick and black cats.

From a corner obscured by rough faggots from the forest, came the sound of stringed instruments. The orchestra was concealed there and dancing was going on. It was a costume party and the rooms were filled with whirling forms clothed in garments of fanciful beauty or grotesque absurdity of form or color. The various mismated couples provoked much merriment. Mrs. Lawton, stout and jolly, was garbed as the unhappy Ophelia while her partner, Major Morse, a thin, dyspeptic-looking man, depicted Punchinello.

His Satanic Majesty danced with a demure little Quakeress, district messenger boys were paired off with mediaeval dames and the Knave of Hearts carried refreshments to Old Mother Hubbard and her faithful dog.

Now, contrary to tradition, Old Mother Hubbard was the prettiest girl in the gathering and she was far from being old in spite of the snuff-colored gown she wore with its enveloping white apron and dangling bunch of keys; for the mob cap sat coquettishly on her sunny hair and she could not keep the dimples from her pink cheeks and white chin, although she did try to maintain a sober demeanor.

"Mother Hubbard," said the Knave of Hearts as he dropped to one knee and presented a tray of ices, "I have no tarts but here is a biscuit tortoni, if you please."

Elsie Hilyer ate her ice daintily while the handsome Knave of Hearts, Arthur Beckman, sat down beside her with his own plate in his hand. In his present state of mind it was sufficient food and drink to gaze upon Elsie's loveliness, to watch the changing shadows on her face and harken to the sweet lilt of her voice.

"You didn't find a bone for my poor dog," she suddenly chided him, to break an embarrassing silence.

Arthur picked up the droll, stuffed dog that was perched on Elsie's lap and beat it emphatically against his knee. "Confound the dogs!" he complained bitterly. "Every time I've tried to speak seriously with you tonight, Elsie, you've dragged poor Fido into the conversation. Why not give me a straight answer and——"

Elsie reached over and rescued the dog from his reckless hands. "That belongs to my little niece, Kitty Hiatt, and I promised Kitty that no harm should come to poor Fido. Is it not enough that poor Fido should be without his bone?"

"And put me out of my misery?" interrupted Arthur, relentlessly concluding his sentence.

Her face was rose pink as she bent it over the woolly dog. "I can't tell you just now—let us wait a while—until after the games. You haven't given me time to think."

Arthur's face brightened. "If you want time to think it over," he said gravely, "I'm afraid I'm out of it—because if you really cared, you'd know right off."

"Wait until after the games?" she repeated in a low voice.

"Until after twelve o'clock?"

"Yes."

"And you will not escape—you will tell me then?"

"I will be here at a little after twelve" she murmured and then another partner claimed her and she was gone without one glance from her soft brown eyes to comfort him or give him hope.

That was the last dance before the games and the entire company found seats and prepared to put to test all the heathenish charms of Hallowe'en. Partners were chosen and once more Arthur Beckman found himself beside the girl he loved.

Elsie's cheeks were deeply flushed and her eyes sparkled with some inward excitement. She was merry and gay until the charms were tested. Then a quietness settled down upon her like a filmy veil of sorrow, but occasionally she brushed it aside to smile or return a merry quip.

The charms were provokingly inauspicious for the furthering of Arthur Beckman's desires. All the crimson apple parings that Elsie tossed over her shoulder fell into obstinately curving W's instead of the A's that would indicate that Arthur was to be her future mate. The melted lead when dropped in cold water took shape as a mortar and pestle, much to the secret satisfaction of Wilbert Lansing, who was a wholesale druggist and who interpreted the signs to mean that his long and heretofore hopeless wooing of Elsie Hilyer was to have a successful ending. Arthur Beckman was an architect and a mortar and pestle had no significance for him.

Then, when they placed chestnuts on the hearth in pairs, each one secretly naming his nuts, the one that bore a certain magic name that Elsie dared not whisper aloud, insolently hopped away and joined a fat little chestnut that belonged to her neighbor, Jack Monroe—and as Jack was desperately in love with plump and fair little Susie Agnew there was small doubt that his chestnut was named for Susie. If Fate decreed that Elsie's hero and Susie were to be mated—Elsie's smile quite faded away for all the signs were against her!

Of course they tried the mirror charm, some of the girls taking hand-mirrors and walking around the house backward were rewarded by seeing divers faces reflected in the glass. It was a moonlight night and the shrubbery cast lacy black shadows across the path that encircled the house. Outdoors there was much laughter and merriment.

Elsie did not join them. This last test she dared not try and so while the others played hide-and-seek in the crisp cool air after the midnight hour had passed, Elsie sought the alcove in the conservative where she had promised to meet Arthur Beckman and give him his answer.

He arrived almost as soon as she did. He sat down beside her and took one cold little hand in his own.

"Now, Elsie?" he asked softly.

"Oh, Arthur," she trembled, "I—I can't."

"Well—never mind—don't cry about it," he said practically, for her voice was near to tears. His own heart was wrung with the bitterness of the moment. "Don't let it worry you one instant, dear. You needn't tell me why—I suppose it's another chap—would you like to join the ghost dance? The orchestra is tuning up." He tried to speak lightly but all the spirit had gone out of his voice.

Elsie shook her head. "You don't understand," she whispered, turning her head half toward him so that the soft fragrant masses of her hair brushed his cheek. "The signs were all against it!"

He hardly breathed, so fearful was he of losing this blissful moment, but her remark was puzzling.

"The signs? Oh, you mean those charms and all that clap-trap business of apple parings and melted lead and so forth?" he demanded.

"Yes—you see I wanted to wait and find out what Fate really had in store for me. I thought if the signs were propitious for my—my being happy with you I believed that together with——" She hesitated and turned away her head.

"Together with your love for me," he prompted softly and he was wildly happy when she did not deny it.

"Would insure our happiness," she completed.

"Fol de rol!" ejaculated the Knave of Hearts, taking Old Mother Hubbard in his arms so suddenly that the boneless dog bounced to the floor and rolled away. "Fol de rol, darling, I'll risk all the bad luck in the world in marrying you if you'll have me! Compared with the fact that I love you and you say you love me—why, the charm business doesn't cut any figure at all!"

At that instant came Wilbert Lansing of mortar and pestle fame; the Fates had decreed that he was to be Elsie's future spouse and he was eager to find her and press his suit once more. He was rather superstitious himself and the signs were auspicious for him.

Through the shielding palms he caught one glimpse of the Knave of Hearts and Old Mother Hubbard and he lost his belief in signs at once. As he turned away he saw the fat, stuffed, woolly dog of Mother Hubbard lying at his feet.

With a well directed kick he sent the poor beast flying across the floor, where it bounded into the fountain and bobbed serenely around among the startled goldfish.

"Nothing in charms!" muttered Wilbert Lansing as he stalked gloomily home.

Cat's Long Walk to Old Home.

The story of a notable journey of a cat from Kingston, Surrey, England, to its former home at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, a distance of about 133 miles, is now told by an astonished correspondent.

In April last a cat, mottled gray and described as half Persian in breed, was sent from Glastonbury, where it had been reared, to the matron at the Kingston Nursing home. It was sent in a packing case drilled with air holes and obviously the animal had no opportunity of marking the points of its journey. Soon after arrival at Kingston the cat was lost, and despite the most diligent searching no trace of it could be found.

The matron of the nursing home has now received a letter from Glastonbury stating that the cat has found its way back to its old home. It arrived emaciated and foot-sore and apparently had walked the whole of the 133 miles.

The letter describes the cat on its arrival as "a mere shadow of its former self" and expresses the belief that although terribly weak through its wanderings, it can be nursed back to a healthy condition.

His Future Plans.

She was a lady visitor to the prison, kindly and well meaning, and as she chatted with a burglar who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment she thought she detected signs of reform in him.

"And now," she said, "have you any plans for the future, on the expiration of your sentence?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," he said, hopefully. "I've got the plans of two banks and a post office."

Prepared for It.

"Hubby, I'm going in for the simple life awhile."

"All right, my dear," said hubby, as he reached for his checkbook. "How many gowns will that require?"

SPINNER AND HIS WEB

By M. J. PHILLIPS

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"Mr. Spinner, this is my friend, Miss Brooks," said John Aldrich. "She's the postmistress of Hollywood."

Spinner bowed courtierlike. "I wondered why they had a lady for postmaster here—till now," he flattered.

Miss Brooks seemed made for flattery; she was little and blonde and very pretty. But just now her dimples were under stern control, and she appraised Spinner with a swift, keen glance.

"Mr. Spinner is from Chicago," volunteered Aldrich.

"Yes," smiled Spinner easily, "from the big, wicked city. Fifty cents' worth of twos, please?" There was no haste in his speech, yet one might gain the impression that he did not care to have Aldrich discuss himself and his visit with the postmistress.

But Aldrich, great, good-natured, honest John, had discussed people and things too long with Ruth Brooks to change now. Disregarding the hint in the other's manner, he went on: "Mr. Spinner is president of the Condor Crude Rubber company. I'm going to invest some money with him."

"You are?" asked Ruth quickly. "How much, John?"

"Oh, about a thousand dollars," replied John, speaking as if it were a trivial sum. It represented, she suspected, his entire savings.

"Yes," interosed Spinner in the same easy manner before Ruth could comment. "Mr. Aldrich is one of the many people in moderate circumstances who is going to share in the wealth that rubber is pouring into this country. We are not asking the big capitalists to come in."

"What dividend do you pay?" interrupted Ruth.

"On a thousand dollars? Twenty dollars a month." Spinner's prominent gray eyes, which had the trick of looking at one either too much or not enough, narrowed watchfully. His wide, slack mouth, the mouth of a ready talker, tightened under his dyed mustache.

The postmistress smiled frostily. "Good interest, John," she commented; "24 per cent a year!"

"Isn't it?" said John heartily. He saw that his old friend and his new did not seem especially cordial, and he wanted things harmonious. "That's more than a farm, or even a store, would pay me. The money is in Hagerstown bank. Mr. Spinner is going to drive over with me tomorrow."

Spinner, sure of his man, despite the girl's disapproval grew guardedly insolent. "Do you care to invest, Miss Brooks?" he asked, with a smile.

Before she could answer, the door was opened briskly. A stranger strode in and without ceremony took the prosperous looking Spinner aside. They conversed in an undertone for a few moments. Then Spinner turned back.

"Where does Zebulon Cole live, Aldrich?"

"Fifteen miles east."

Spinner frowned thoughtfully. "And Hagerstown is west?"

"Yes; 18 miles."

"Then I'm afraid I can't go over with you tomorrow, Mr. Cole has sent for me, he wants to invest with us. We couldn't make the two trips in the shape the roads will be." He nodded toward the outdoors where the first heavy snowfall of the winter was filling the ruts and blanketing the walks.

He glanced calculatingly from John to the mutinous face of the postmistress. "Tell you what, though; we could go the next day."

Aldrich looked up in surprise. "Why, you told me you had a directors' meeting in Chicago!"

Spinner's start of recollection was well done. "That's so; I'd forgotten all about it."

He took a heavy envelope from his pocket. Across the face of it was printed, in staring black type, the address of the Condor company. He affixed a half dozen of the stamps he had just purchased to the upper right-hand corner, wrote "special delivery" beneath them, and handed it to Aldrich. "You can send the money in that," he said. "Don't buy a draft. Get hundred dollar bills, pin them to a sheet of heavy paper and send them along. And be sure to get the letter away tomorrow. All stock subscriptions must be in ten days before the first of the month in order to participate in the regular monthly dividend. You can mail it at Hagerstown."

John shook his head. "We patronize our own postoffice," he replied with a smile. "The salary of the postmaster depends on the amount of business done, you know."

"Quite right!" returned the promoter, heartily. He had won, and could afford to be magnanimous. "And now I must make arrangements for an early start tomorrow."

He swept off his silk hat and bowed low, revealing the fact that his thin hair was dyed, too. "Goodby, Miss Brooks. Glad to have met you. If you desire to invest, Mr. Aldrich can give you our address. Come along, Aldrich. I want to talk to you."

Spinner slipped a triumphant hand through the arm of the flattered John, followed by the messenger from Zebulon Cole, they left the office.

Next day Ruth Brooks forever flitted to the front door to peer out on the storm-swept, deserted street, returning to her work behind the partition of the little opposition as one reprieved, though unsatisfied.

At seven o'clock that evening, as if to escape from her thoughts, she gave the narrow quarters a thorough cleaning. She sprinkled the pine floor, and then wielded a broom vigorously. The pine box which served as a receptacle for outgoing mail was moved away from the slot partition, so she might sweep behind it. By 7:30, the usual closing hour, everything was in order. Nothing remained but to tie up the meager grist of letters, lock them in the mail bag and dispatch them to the Chicago train by Robbie, her brother and after-school assistant.

There was a clatter at the front door. By the light of the oil lamps she could see it was John Aldrich scraping the snow off his shoes, preparatory to entering. As he stepped in, a letter in his hand, Ruth slipped out of the back door. Robbie, whistling, sorted and tied the mail. John dropped the long envelope into the letter slot, and hurried out, almost guiltily. Robbie, engrossed in his task, did not turn round. Two days later Aldrich came to the delivery window, a worried look on his face. "Got a telegram from Mr. Spinner, Ruth," he said. "My money hadn't reached there yet. What do you imagine's wrong? I mailed the letter here night before last."

"The mail went out as usual," replied Ruth. "Robbie tied it up. We'll send a tracer."

The next afternoon Aldrich came back again. His face, usually ruddy, was white as chalk. "Did you see the papers?" he asked. "The police have closed up the Condor Crude Rubber company. And they're looking for Spinner. They say he's—he's a swindler."

With trembling hands he unfolded the newspaper which he held. "Here's a partial list of the losers. Zebulon Cole is in it for $4,000. My name isn't there, Ruth. Do you think he didn't get my money? Or was he trying to fool me in sending more?"

"I didn't like that Spinner," replied Ruth irrelevantly. "I didn't like his mouth, or his eyes. And he dyed his hair. It is funny about the letter, John. Maybe Robbie overlooked it, somehow. Come in and we'll look around." She opened the door in the partition.

They searched, very thoroughly for half an hour, but the little workroom yielded nothing. They were about to give up in despair, when John kicked, tentatively, the receptacle for outgoing mail. "Do you ever move that box, Ruth? If it was out a little bit, a letter from the slot would drop behind it."

"Why, yes!" answered Ruth excitedly. "I sweep behind it. I moved it that night—Oh, Goody!"

For John had swung it aside and there, standing upright against the bottome of the partition, was his letter. He seized it eagerly and tore it open. Yes, his ten $100 bills were inside, just as he had sealed them up.

"Ruth," he said huskily, with shining eyes, "I need a guardian! But for you, I'd have lost this, every cent of it. I guess I'm too easy. Will you marry me, dear? I want you; I've always wanted you."

When John went happily home that night, of a sudden an idea came to him, and he chuckled to himself: "The little rascal; I believe she left that box out from the wall on purpose!"

Helpful Gallery.

She was a maiden all forlorn. Alas! that in this rich and powerful land a girl should be in such a plight and none by to pity. The play was the stirring drama, "The Ape's Revenge," and the maiden all forlorn had been decoyed into the heart of the dank and dreadful forest by the villain and left there, bound hand and foot, in the cave that was inhabited by the terror of the underworld, the fearsome great ape.

"Ha, Ha, gurr!" cried the villain, as he made off to partake of shandygaff in the wings. "This is to defy Montmorency De Wowwow! Presently the ape will return, and you will be no more! Farewell!"

Presently the pad-pad of the great ape's feet was heard. Nearer and nearer it crept, and the beautiful one's shrieks rent the air. In the distance her lover's horse was heard approaching, but he could never reach her in time to save her.

"Oh!" she moaned, "what shall I do—what shall I do?"

Then like a bolt from the blue, came the solution of the awful problem from a young man in the gallery. "Throw it some nuts, miss!" he suggested, and thereby utterly crabbed the finest situation in the play.—Answers.

Juvenile First Aid.

Children ranging in age from nine to twelve years successfully resorted to "first aid" in treating a wound when one of a party of six was bitten by a copperhead snake while they were gathering chestnuts.

The snake sank its fangs into the leg of Thomas Nee, Jr., aged ten, when the boy stepped on it. Katheryn Costello, aged nine, tore ribbons from her hair and with the assistance of Michael Costello and Madeline Nee improvised a tornquet in a manner that won the praise of the surgeons who later treated the wound. The boy will recover.—Connellsville correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch.

Reckless Humorist.

"I do hope," said the man who struggles to be blithe and gay, "that this fear of the airship's being utilized by smugglers will be realized."

"What an unpatriotic wish!"

"I can't help it. It would give me such a chance to refer to a smuggler as a misbehavitor."

UNCLE THAD'S NURSE

By ELLA RANDALL PEARCE

"Uncle Thad's pretty bad," said Selina.

"He'll probably pull through with good care; and he's going to get that now, with a trained nurse in the house," replied Charlotte.

Then the Misses Trimbell looked solemnly at each other across the table, and their heads wagged gravely in unison.

"She's pretty young—and not bad looking," said Selina.

"Uncle Thad's bound to be grateful," replied Charlotte. "Like's not it'll happen."

"You don't mean he'll marry her?"

"Didn't you mean that yourself? It usually turns out that way in a case like this."

"But what'll become of us?"

"I don't know."

The Misses Trimbell looked at each other and shook their heads again. Then Selina straightened her spare form and raised her sharp chin.

"Now see here, Charlotte; this isn't going to happen if I can help it! I'll admit the possibility of the thing. Uncle Thad's a well preserved man, and he's got lots of money. We're his nearest of kin, barring young Thad—and he's never heard of him since their quarrel. We're Trimbells, anyway, and he was his sister's boy and a Velsor. And you know how he hates that stock. It isn't likely he'd even speak to him again, if he met him."

"And it isn't likely he'll ever meet him. He was too wild to come to any good. It's this strange woman I'm afraid of, now. She's got a determined look in her eyes."

"And she dresses too frivolous. I was struck when she got out at the door in that light suit and a hat loaded with feathers—and high heeled shoes! And she has put herself right in as if she was boss here and we were the servants, or nobody."

"Trained nurses always do that," remarked Charlotte. "But there's something about her that looks like an—an adventuress!"

"Goodness gracious, Charlotte!"

"Yes, there's something mysterious, Selina. But we must circumvent her."

"We will," agreed Selina solemnly.

Uncle Thad began to improve under the ministrations of his new nurse. He had a strong constitution and he had always taken good care of himself.

Miss Scott was a model member of her profession, light-footed and deft-handed, with a gentle voice and a soothing, magnetic personality. But she could not help dimpling when she smiled, and the little chestnut curls would escape from her white cap in the most capricious way. Her plain dress showed the youthful curves of her figure, and her low laugh was delightfully musical.

Every time she looked at the Misses Trimbell they shuddered. Such a sly significance in her look, and yet it was most fascinating! If she looked like that at Uncle Thad—well, he was only human, poor man!

"Miss Scott," said Selina, one day, "you've no idea how illness has changed our poor uncle. He's so meek, so quiet; it doesn't seem possible he's the same man."

"He's a very good patient," Miss Scott's head nodded and the truant curls bobbed merrily.

"Oh, but you should see him when he's well. Patient isn't the right word then. He's a perfect tyrant—and his rages would make you quail!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes." Miss Selina's voice sank to a deep whisper. "I never would say this, only I want you to understand if he begins to get disagreeable. It's almost impossible to live with him when he's himself. And he's that stingy! We have a hard time of it, Charlotte and I, and if he wasn't our uncle——"

"But he isn't really your uncle."

Selina flushed.

"Did he tell you that? But we're his cousins and we've always called him uncle because we're so much younger. He's much older than he looks."

"Why, he told me his age; fifty-three."

"Oh, he's sensitive about that. He always knocks off ten years more. And he's always been vain of his accumulation of money; likes to have folks think him richer than he is. He told us what he was worth when we came here, 'cause he made it all over us; and, barring the house, which is a fine one, but heavily mortgaged, he has very little, very little. We were surprised, weren't we, Charlotte?"

"Yes, uncle's very queer," replied Charlotte portentously.

"Well, of course he never spoke of such things to me," said Miss Scott.

"Why, he's likely to change his mind about us and pack us off at any moment." Selina looked panic-stricken as she spoke. "There was his nephew—his sister's only child—he brought him up, and promised to make him his heir. Fooled him, too, about his property, and then turned him out one day, without a dollar. We don't know where the poor fellow is now—starving, maybe."

"How terrible!" Miss Scott's blue eyes were wide open. She looked very thoughtful as she arranged a bowl of broth and some crackers on a little tray, and went upstairs to the invalid.

"I guess we've given her something to think about now," Selina's tones were triumphant.

"Selina Trimbell!" said Charlotte, "I didn't know it was in you!"

Miss Scott was thinking seriously as she watched the invalid while he finished the light repast. Mr. Thaddeus Trimbell was doing very well; but there was something about his case she had not understood. If she had been asked to express an opinion, she would have said that there was something on her patient's mind. Yet he had never spoken of any secret sorrow, or given her a clew from which to draw conclusions. Unintentionally, that clew had been furnished now by Miss Selina!

The nurse took the tray away. She looked around the apartment with new interest, but there was no photograph there which might be "young Thad's." Adroitly she led the man to talk of his early life. Whether anger or shame kept him silent, he had naught to say of a nephew turned adrift. From her new viewpoint, however, Retta Scott was sure that his mind was troubled. If she could only discover the cause and help him!

"Well, Mr. Trimbell, you'll soon be able to do without me," she said blithely, a few days later.

The invalid was sitting up, then, well wrapped and comfortable in a reclining chair near the window.

"Are you going to leave me to the mercies of those two crotchety old maids down stairs? You're a hard-hearted young woman."

Miss Scott laughed childishly.

"Oh, if they could only hear you! But isn't there anyone else who could come here and be with you—? Any other relative?"

The man's face darkened as he turned his eyes to the open window.

"No one. I wish there were. I like young people around me. I'm a spry young fellow myself when I'm on my feet. Miss Scott, I wish you could stay here. If it could be arranged—"

"Oh, you know I must follow my profession. I'm going back to the hospital when I leave here. I left only to take this case, because my duties there had tired me out. I needed the change. But I must go back."

"Hang it all! I suppose so. Miss Scott, I've grown very fond of you. You're the finest young woman I've ever met. If I were a young man, I'd ask you to marry me."

"Oh, Mr. Trimbell!"

"I certainly would. But don't look scared—I'm not going to; although I'm only fifty-three, and I could settle a nice little fortune on you. But if you would stay and—don't you see, I want some bright young folks around. You could have all the friends you wanted. The house is like a graveyard! It's been so ever since—"

"Since your nephew went away?" queried Retta softly.

Mr. Trimbell turned on her with a roar.

"How did you know? Have I been talking in my sleep? I swore I'd never mention the young rascal's name again. How did you know anything about my nephew, Thaddeus Velsor?"

"Velsor! Thaddeus—Velsor!"

The other did not hear the whispered exclamation. He was fairly launched now into a recital of his troubles, and all his resentment, grief and chagrin were poured forth in swift eloquence, with a forcible expletive now and then, which would seem to justify the description of "raging tyrant" which Miss Selina had artfully drawn.

Meanwhile Retta's wits were rallying quickly; and as soon as she had a chance to speak, she made her point.

"Mr. Trimbell, you must not agitate yourself so. I know how you feel; but you are not quite right—your nephew is a better man than you think, and a repentant one! I know. Young Mr. Velsor was my last patient in the hospital. I did not know he was your nephew; but I recall now, one night when he was very low, I asked him if there was anything he wanted. 'Yes, I want my uncle's forgiveness,' he said. Of course, I knew that there was a story back of that, but he never told me any more. And Thaddeus Velsor is your nephew!"

The patient looked at the nurse sharply.

"Nurse," said he, "what are you blushing for? Oh, then you—your last patient—"

"No, no, I have not even seen him. But I know where he is. I—I—promised to write to him, some day—and, when I had time, to—to—Oh, Mr. Trimbell!"

Blushes were deep; dimples and curls were dancing. Dark blue eyes looked with shy mischief from between long, curling lashes.

"Write now!" roared the patient. "And tell that young rascal to come and see Uncle Thad and his nurse."

"Well, young Thad's come back," said Selina solemnly, twenty-four hours later. "And she knew him before. What do you make out of that, Charlotte?"

"A wedding," replied Charlotte laconically.

"I wonder how it happened?" mused Selina. "I believe she schemed it out somehow—she's that artful."

Making Pegasus Pay.

W. J. Lampton, indefatigable versifier and defatigable baseball reporter, was recounting recently the tribulations of a man who has earned fame and is trying to earn a living by his pen.

"Take banquets as an example," said the colonel, sadly. "Somebody comes round to me and invites me to a banquet, a free meal. I accept.

"Then somebody hunts me up and says:

"'Colonel, of course we expect you to read us some original verse at the banquet.'

"Whereupon, in exchange for that one-dollar free dinner, I read aloud ten dollars' worth of original verse. What kind of business is that, I'd like to know!"

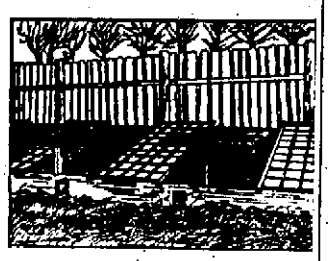
FARM AND BEES

VENTILATE HOT-BED FRAMES

Temperature Carried Depends Greatly on Crop Being Grown—Prevent Plants Becoming "Drawn."

(By W. R. BEATTIE.)

The temperature at which the air of hotbeds should be carried will depend entirely upon the crop being grown. Thermometers should be placed at intervals in the beds, as it is not safe to judge the temperature by personal sensation. If lettuce, parsley, or radishes are growing in the beds, the temperature should not go above 70 degrees F. before ventilation is given; on the other hand, if the frames are filled with cucumbers,



Sash-Covered Frames, Showing a Fence Used to Break the Force of the Wind, and Notched Sticks Used Under the Sash for Ventilating the Beds.

egg-plants, or peppers, the temperature may run 5 to 10 degrees higher.

It should be borne in mind that any covering, whether cloth or sash, will exclude a part of the light, and every precaution is necessary to prevent the plants becoming "drawn." The safest plan is to keep the temperature a trifle low and thus retain the plants in a strong, thrifty condition. Where tender plants are being grown under cloth there is greater danger of injury from keeping them covered too tightly than from exposure to moderate cold.

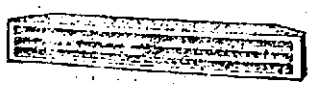
In the case of cloth-covered frames the covers are left off during bright weather and the plants subjected to open-air conditions. When there is danger of cold the covers are put on at night, and during unfavorable weather they are frequently left on during the day. While the cloth covers conserve the heat, they at the same time exclude the sunlight, and if they are kept on too great a portion of the time the crops will become drawn and spindling.

FEEDING FOR EARLY SWARMS

Little Honey Gatherers So Stimulated by Feed That Brood Rearing Will Be Rapidly Increased.

(By H. F. GRINSTEAD.)

Ten pounds of sugar fed to the bees when maples are in bloom will make them swarm two weeks earlier than otherwise, and we all know the value of having the swarms at their best during white clover and basswood flow. No matter if they have plenty of honey they will be so stimulated by the feeding that brood rearing will be rapidly increased. It seems that bees require more than honey for



Simplicity Bee Feeder.

brood rearing, and the first pollen bearing flowers are worked on by the bees.

I don't know what a bee could get out of flour unless it would be something like pollen, but bran, shorts or flour placed in a box near the hives will soon be a working mass of bees. They will continue to work on this till there is an abundance of flowers, and I have never known any ill effects from feeding it to them. After they have worked on it the bran or flour appears drier, but is still fit for animals.

Raising Squash.

A man who raised a 300-pound squash says he did it by the following method. Two wheelbarrow loads of old hen manure was mixed with the soil in the hill, being put in quite deep and over a wide area. Then only one plant was allowed to remain in the hill, and only one specimen of fruit was allowed to remain on that plant.

Work of Hive of Bees.

A hive of bees will produce 150 pounds of honey in an average season if they have honey producing flowers to work on. At the price honey sells at it can easily be seen that a few stands of bees will pay. Bees work well with alfalfa.

Ordering Queen Bee.

A queen bee may be ordered through the mail for from $1 to $2. When a queen dies and the swarm is unable to produce another a new queen may be ordered.

Wet Lands.

Working the soil when it is wet will make it coarse and lumpy the whole season.

BEE KEEPING IS DECREASING

United States Department of Agriculture Attributes Cause to Brood Diseases of Insects.

The census of 1910 shows a decrease of almost 500,000 colonies of bees on the farms of the United States. There is also a considerable decrease in the number of farms reporting bees. Since bee keeping is one of the important and profitable minor branches of agriculture, this decrease among farmer bee keepers is unfortunate.

Bee keeping is fast becoming the business of the specialist, and the number of men who devote their entire attention to the business is rapidly increasing. However, there is no reason why the average farmer can not keep a few colonies of bees to supply honey for home consumption with perhaps some surplus for sale in good years.

The United States department of agriculture attributes most of the reported decrease to the brood diseases of bees which are now found widely distributed in the United States. Where disease exists the bee keepers often lose colonies and attribute their loss to some other cause. It is quite possible to keep bees with profit where disease prevalent in the neighborhood, provided the bee keeper knows how to treat the disease.

MAKING HEAVY WAGON JACK

List of Material Required Includes Four Pieces of Wood, Three Bolts and Two Screws.

(By W. J. GORDON.)

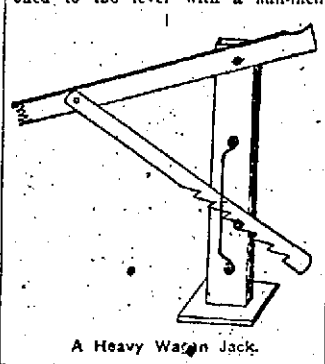
Four pieces of wood, three bolts, two screws and one piece of wire completes the list of material required for a very simple and handy wagon-jack.

One piece of 2x4 hardwood, two feet six inches long, for the main upright; one piece of 1x4 hardwood, two feet long, for lever; one piece 1x4 hardwood, with notches.

One piece of two-inch stuff 10 inches square for the base.

The lever is secured to the upright with half-inch bolt 3½ inches long.

The piece with the notches is fastened to the lever with a half-inch



A Heavy Wagon Jack.

bolt, and the piece of wire that holds the notched piece in place is fastened to the upright piece with screws.

Keeping Bees.

The census shows a decrease of almost 500,000 colonies of bees on the farms of the United States. There is also a considerable decrease in the number of farms reporting bees. Since bee keeping is one of the important and profitable minor branches of agriculture, this decrease among farmer bee keepers is unfortunate. No returns are available for bee keepers in towns and cities.

Bee keeping is fast becoming the business of the specialist and the number of men who devote their entire attention to the business is rapidly increasing. However, there is no reason why the average farmer can not keep a few colonies of bees to supply honey for home consumption with perhaps some surplus for sale in good years.

Bees and Farm Notes

Poultry manure is a fine dressing for the vegetable garden.

A practical system of rotation can be worked out for every farm.

Poultry manure is particularly good for forcing the growth of onions.

Sheep-killing dogs and egg-sucking dogs make real nice soft robes and rugs. Tan their hides.

The size of the farm is of not so much importance as the manner in which the work is done.

Too much care can hardly be taken in making sure that no weed seeds are sown with your grain seed.

It is well to remember that commercial fertilizers should not replace farm manures, but simply reinforce them.

Hollyhocks and golden-glow may be grown along the fence at the back or side of the house, and require but little room.

Squash bugs may be trapped by laying shingles near the plants. The bugs will be found under them early in the morning.

Rotation of crops is one of the simple, practical methods of increasing the productivity of the farm and distributing labor.

There is but little fertilizing value in coal ashes, but they will improve a stiff clay soil by putting it in better physical condition.

There are very few farms on which additional labor expended in preparing the seed-bed would not yield handsome returns.

The life of a bee during the busy season is very short. Often during the honey season they do not live longer than six or eight weeks.

TOOL THAT MEANT VICTORY

Properly Tempered, It Always Will When in the Hands of a Man Who Means to Succeed.

"You can't!"

He did not exactly count the voices, but it seemed to him as if every voice in the world screamed at him, and from all sorts of queer places:

"You can't!"

When the voices had hoarsed themselves into silence, rude hands scrawled the words on bits of bark and paper and thrust them before his eyes.

Once the words formed themselves into opposing rocks in his path and he fell over them.

Again, they multiplied themselves like drops of water into an unfriendly sea and he nearly drowned.

He listened vainly at the lips of his kin for one fair word of cheer.

He prayed nightly to a stony-hearted and busy God and took back to his torn heart only the hollow echo of his prayer.

He saw many fingers tapping upon foreheads and knew that the motions of the fingers spelled Fool.

In the vales the brooks sang taunting songs to him; as he swung up the steep places in the forest the squirrels from the trees pelted him with empty, symbolic shells; upon the plains the wind, having a good chance, cut the skin of his cheek and scudded away through the grasses with sardonic laughter.

The hand of sickness pinned him to his cot for long seasons; his competitors in the race for achievement ran away from him as if he were tied; the very bigness of the looming cities leered at him as he struggled with disappointment and delay.

"You can't!"

It stung him into greatness.

Somewhere within the locker of his being he found a tool and sharpened it. The tool was labeled Will. With this, through many patient days, he wrought upon the sneering face of Fate to make it smile. The while he worked the voices spat their jibe—"You can't!" "Gibe on!" he cried. He let his kin go hang. He ceased to rail at God's indifference. He discovered a mighty divinity within himself and bent him anew to his task. His Work—the Will to do it—these were his friends, his life, his all.

The work was never finished, quite—no good work ever is—but when at last his hands were still, upon his slab men carved the paradoxic phrase:

"He did!"—From the Magazine Business.

Longevity Calculations.

According to Buffon, the life of man "can" last six times as long as it takes him to become fully developed; according to Bacon and Hufland, eight times as long. Now, since man is not considered in the anatomical sense completely mature before the twenty-fifth year of age, his life, according to the last named two authorities, "could" last 200 years. But, as a matter of fact, outside the Bible, there is no record whatever of such long lives. Among the extraordinary cases of longevity on record and well attested is that of the Englishman, Thomas Parr, who lived happily at Shropshire to the age of 152 years. The celebrated Harvey, who dissected him after death, found his body in excellent condition, and stated that had it not been for his intemperance he might have lived much longer. A census taken under Emperor Vespasian showed in the relatively small territory of Italy alone 50 persons over 100 years old, and among these are two had reached the age of 140. The census of the United States for 1900 shows 3,981 centenarians, and that for 1910 2,501 (males 1,271, females, 2,333). These figures have only a dubious value, and merely because the vanity of some old people causes them to claim their age much higher than it really is, but for the fact that the majority of these centenarians are ignorant persons (2,333 negroes, 111 Indians and three Mongolians), whose statements as to their ages cannot be relied upon. —Christian Herald.

Model for All Fathers.

The Suitor (rather diffidently)—Mr. Carrington, I have come to ask you if I— to say, that is, that I—

Mr. Carrington (beaming)—That you want to marry Ethel, is that it? Take her, my boy, and be happy. She's a good girl, and I'm glad to see that she's going to get a good man. I've known how things were with you and Ethel, my boy, and I've been waiting to congratulate you both.

The Suitor—You know, of course, Mr. Carrington, that I am not a wealthy man, that in fact, I cannot support Ethel in the style to which she has been accustomed. I can give her a good home and we won't starve, but we'll be pretty poor.

Mr. Carrington—Don't let that worry you, Albert. If I'm any judge of men you'll be a lot better off than I am when you're my age, and it's a mighty good thing for a young couple to go through the years of struggle together. I was poor when I married Ethel's mother and we had a lot of fun out of being poor. Shake, Albert, and have a cigar.

Couldn't Use It.

Agent (to sour-faced but rich old lady)—Madam, I am soliciting funds to start a benevolent enterprise for the poor blacks of Africa, and I thought—

Sour-Faced Lady—I can't give you money, sir; I have been swindled too often. All I can do is to lend my countenance to the scheme.

Agent (sadly)—That would simply ruin it.—Tit-Bits.

DANDYISM SERVED HIM WELL

Unwilling to Go to the Guillotine Without His Boots, Condemned Man Cheated Death.

In the French Revolution a feuilletonist named Schlaberndorf, who possessed considerable ability as a writer, by heartily espousing the cause of the Girondists in all that emanated from his pen rendered himself obnoxious to Robespierre, and at the dictation of that fierce leader was incarcerated. When the death cart one morning came to the prison for its load of these that were that day to be butchered, Schlaberndorf's name was on the list of the condemned. The jailer informed him that such was the case, and the writer dressed himself for his last ride very nonchalantly and—he was extremely fastidious as to his personal appearance—with great care. His boots, however, he could not find. Here, there, everywhere, assisted by his jailer, he looked for them to no avail.

"I am quite willing to be executed," said he to the jailer, after their fruitless search, "but really I should be ashamed to go to the guillotine without my boots. Nor do I wish to detain this 'execution party,'" he added, smiling grimly. "Will it make any difference if my execution is deferred until tomorrow? By that time I shall probably succeed in finding my boots."

"I don't know that it will matter particularly when you are guillotined," responded the functionary, between whom and Schlaberndorf there had existed a sort of friendship. "Suppose we call it tomorrow, then?"

"All right," and the jailer allowed Schlaberndorf to remain, not unwillingly, as owing to his universal good humor he was especially liked by all the jail attendants.

The following morning when the cart drew up before the prison door for its batch of victims Schlaberndorf, dressed in his best, including the boots that had been found, stood waiting the summons of the jailer to take his place therein. Meantime, however, a new jailer had taken the place of the old one, the latter himself having suddenly been displaced by reason of suspected disloyalty to the revolutionists, and Schlaberndorf's name was not called that morning. Nor was it called the next morning, nor the morning after that; nor, indeed, ever again. It was believed by all outside of his friends in the jail that he had perished on the morning originally set for him. He remained in prison until the sway of Robespierre had ended. Then he regained his liberty, as did the rest of those prisoners whose heads had not fallen beneath the blood-stained ax.

Hidden Women of Persia.

Should the women of Persia ever get a vote, they will doubtless see to it that the lot of their sex is considerably improved, for at the present time they are regarded as nonentities. A husband in Persia never speaks of his wife to his acquaintances, and, if obliged to mention her, it is by some other term than wife, as "mother of my son," of "my house." She must not exist for anyone but her husband and from all others she must be hidden—non existing. For this reason when the harems of governors or very high personages pass through the streets of Persia the men whom they meet either turn their backs or slip down a by-street or into some convenient doorway.

On passing a European, if sure that none of her co-religionists see her, a woman, particularly if she be young and good looking, will often raise her veil, from under which a pair of dark eyes follow the stranger with a curious gaze.

Maidens wishing to get married visit the tomb of some sacred woman. There are many such tombs. Marriages are contracted very early. Sometimes, owing to family reasons, one hears of a youth of 15 or 16 married to a girl much older. The marriage for a girl is fixed at 9.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Honest Election.

Much of the grim humor one hears among practical politicians has to do with those incorruptibles who owe their positions to corruption. A case in point is that of a member of the supreme court of a western state, who began his career by running for congress. The story was told to me by one of the workers who secured his election.

"One day the candidate met me," said my informant, to whom I had been introduced by a practical politician, as he took me into his confidence and began to talk as one briber might to another, "and asked me how things were going in a certain district.

"'Fine,' I replied. 'You will have a good majority there.'

"'I am not surprised,' he said enthusiastically. 'When I was speaking there I made the best speech that I made in the whole campaign.'"

The worker nudged me as he said: "It cost us just $7,000 to win that particular district for him, and he thought his speech did it."—The Forum.

True.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher after she had explained the meaning of the word, "I wish you would write a sentence containing defeat."

After a struggle which lasted for about twenty minutes Johnny announced that he was ready to be heard.

"Please read your composition," the teacher directed.

"When you git shoes dat's too tite," Johnny read, "it's hard on de feet."

LUNGS KEPT INFLATED

SIMPLE APPARATUS THAT MAKES HEART SURGERY POSSIBLE.

Operation Thoroughly Demonstrated Before Kansas City Clinic—Shown to Have Passed the Experimental Stage.

A dog's life was sacrificed at the Coates House in Kansas City to show Kansas City surgeons and nearly a hundred others that heart surgery—the sewing up of stab wounds and the removal of bullets—is possible. Those present predicted after the demonstration that such practice would be common among surgeons within five years.

After more than thirty years of work, during the entire period withstanding the bitter attacks of the antivivisectionists, Dr. F. Merill Ricketts, of Cincinnati, and the other pioneers in the field, have perfected a system of administering anesthetics that makes heart surgery possible.

Dr. Ricketts, who gave the demonstration before the Western Surgical association, made his first experiment in 1874. Since then doctors connected with the Rockefeller Institute in New York have pushed the investigation also. Hundreds of animals have been sacrificed in the work, but since the experimental stage was passed the lives of 74 persons already have been saved, and yet only two or three surgeons in the United States have learned the operation.

Formerly the lungs of persons under an anesthetic collapsed, causing death, when the chest was opened by a surgeon. The apparatus used by Dr. Ricketts, consisting of little besides a bellows and a rubber tube, keeps the lungs inflated during the operation.

The anesthetic is administered in air forced into the lungs by the bellows used to keep up artificial respiration. The wonder of the method is to a great extent in its simplicity. Dr. Ricketts in 20 minutes was able to demonstrate to the eager surgeons the entire process of operation on the heart, the lungs and the other bronchial components.

"This development in surgery has passed the experimental stage," Dr. Ricketts said. "Already 178 operations on the heart have been performed, and of these 74 were successful, the patients recovering. This is a wonderful percentage, considering that death was certain otherwise in every case.

"Bullets were removed and knife wounds sewed up. Most of the operations were performed at the Rockefeller institute. By this method of administering anesthetics the patient may be kept alive for hours, permitting the surgeon to perform any operation on the heart, the lungs or any other thoracic organ.

"The apparatus, very simple in itself and in its operation, is easily portable and may be taken by the surgeon anywhere. Tuna Dr. Williams, a negro, of Chicago, belongs the credit of performing the first successful operation on the heart as long ago as 1893. In a few years the practice will be common."

Sea Postoffices.

Every one is aware that a large quantity of mail comes from Europe; probably most persons assume that it is dumped off the steamers in bulk and sorted and routed in the postoffice of the receiving port. Such a system would result in hopeless congestion and practically all of the fifteen million pounds of foreign mail matter received at New York, on an average of recent years, is really sorted and sacked when the steamers make port. This work is done in the sea postoffices aboard the ships, and means days saved in the time of delivery of mail matter intended for inland points.

In the huge mass of mail brought into New York each year there are, on an average, 80,000,000 separate pieces, many thousands with inadequate addresses; yet to such a degree of efficiency has the operation of the sea postoffices been brought, and so carefully is the work done, that less than 500 errors are made annually. As the entire quantity of the ocean mail received in a year would fill 2,200 standard mail cars, an almost incredible accuracy is indicated—less than one error of any kind whatever for every four carloads of mail.—Harper's Weekly.

Expensive Luxury.

Richard Harding Davis, who knows South America intimately, told, at a luncheon at the Philadelphia club, a South American story.

"The Florida in Buenos Ayres," he said, "is very elegant and charming, but in the past the young men were too prone to accost the beautiful women shopping and promenading there.

"Accordingly, a law was passed which imposed a fine of $50 on any one who should dare to accost or annoy in the slightest degree any lady in Buenos Ayres."

Mr. Davis paused.

"Since the passage of that law," he said solemnly, "the Florida has become quite safe; but when a beautiful woman walks in it the young men hover near her, murmuring in low and ardent tones:

"'I wish I had $50.'"

His Business.

"I was in a place yesterday that employed a bouncer with the most appropriate name in the business. It was Vine."

"How is that so appropriate?"

"Because his principal occupation is to throw out a lot of suckers."

USE OF CROSS IN HERALDRY

More Than Four Hundred Forms of the Device Are Recognized in That Science.

In early pagan days the cross was a symbol of shame and ignominy, and only those deformed or misshapen trees that could be used for no other purpose were formed into crosses. But since the cross has become dear to Christians, says the "Ave Maria," the most precious woods and metals have been formed into it. To the third century may be traced the custom of making the Sign of the Cross. In the days of Constantine, Christians painted crosses on the entrances of their houses as a symbol of their faith.

The impetus to the use of the cross in heraldry was given by the Crusaders, who wore a red cross upon their right shoulder as a token of the obligation they had taken upon themselves. Its form and meanings in heraldic designs are many. In fact, over four hundred and seven different forms have been recorded by students of biography and genealogy.

In heraldry the cross is formed by two perpendicular and two horizontal lines crossing in the center of the shield. This form is modified in various ways by additions and combinations, thus expressing many meanings. It has been said that human intelligence has never devised a system so infinite in its varieties and so endless in its application as is to be found in the science of heraldry, in which figure twenty-seven basic or fundamental crosses.

The Greek cross has all four arms of equal length, while the Latin cross has the earth end longer than the other three arms. The Calvary or Christ Cross rests upon three steps or degrees. The Patriarch cross is recognized by its double crossbar. The St. Andrew's cross is an X, in token of the form of cross on which that saint suffered martyrdom by having his hands and feet bound to its four arms. The St. Anthony cross is shaped like a T, and has its name from the cross that St. Anthony, abbot, wore upon his cloak, though the origin of his cross seems to be Egyptian.

It is a matter of interest that many American families have the cross as the basic emblem of their escutcheons. Among them are at least five of the presidents. The Garfield shield has a blue cross in the dexter canton, and the family motto is, "In the cross I conquer." The Tyler shield had on it a bar, two crescents and a cross form. The shield of the Adams family was adorned by a large cruciform device.

G. H. DENNING

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PERSONAL MENTION.

M. C. Bain was in Kane Friday on business.

E. E. Heath was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Harold M. Day was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Miss Marie Purtle was a Bradford visitor Friday.

Albert Miller spent Sunday with relatives at Olean.

Guy B. Mayo was in Eldred on business Saturday.

Frank Armstrong of Norwich was in town this week.

J. B. Wright of Kane was a business visitor in town Friday.

Mrs. R. C. Gleason is visiting relatives and friends at Kane.

J. J. Healy of Kane was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

S. F. Redfield leaves to-day for a business visit to New York.

John Steinhauer of Clermont was a court attendant this week.

Attorney C. W. Shattuck was a Kane business visitor Friday.

Tax Collector Alf Evans of Kane had business in town this week.

Miss Margaret Curtis has returned to her home at New Castle, Pa.

Harry S. Rubin and Edmund Whitelaw were Kane visitors Tuesday.

Miss Vinnie Campbell is passing the summer with her parents at Eldred.

Dr. S. A. Morse of Olean, N. Y., was a business visitor in town Friday.

Mrs. F. L. Holmes and daughter, Miss Ruth, returned home yesterday.

Mayor Spencer M. DeGoller of Bradford was a court attendant this week.

Mrs. Carrie Wunk of Glen Hazel is visiting old friends in town this week.

W. H. Hungerford and Fred Hungiville were Olean and Bolivar visitors Tuesday.

George J. Chase left Tuesday evening for a three weeks' visit at New York city.

Miss Hazel Hungerford of Rixford was the guest of relatives in town Saturday.

Mrs. Guy H. McCoy and children are visiting relatives and friends at Obi, N. Y.

Lloyd Armstrong of Buffalo is a guest at the home of his father, M. L. Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barbour of Crosby were visiting relatives in town Saturday.

Mrs. Victor Bouton and sons, Edwin, William and Robert, were Bradford visitors Saturday.

Guy B. Mayo was a business visitor in Harrisburg and Gettysburg the latter part of last week.

Mrs. William Evans and Howard Strong were guests of Mrs. M. J. Welch at Olean last week.

Mrs. John Kelley of Shinglehouse is in town on account of the illness of her father, M. L. Armstrong.

Mrs. D. M. Cooper, daughter Margaret, and Miss Helen McGowan were Bradford visitors Friday.

Miss Mabel Lyle attended the Olean district Epworth League meeting at that city from Friday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry and daughter, Helen, returned Saturday from a short visit with relatives in Buffalo.

Hon. James A. McKean returned home Thursday evening from an extended trip in the Oklahoma oil fields.

Miss Mate Connolly is the guest of her sister, Mrs. O. J. Wetrick, at Coudersport a couple of days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus and son, Ted, were Bradford visitors yesterday. Ted will visit relatives there for a week.

Miss Vera Freeman, who has been a student at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, has returned home for the summer vacation.

Edmund Freeman who has been a guest at the home of his uncle, C. W. Freeman, returned to his home in Bradford, Friday.

Edwin Bouton left Friday for Jamestown, N. Y., where he expects to spend the summer with his uncle, Dr. Henry A. Eastman.

Elmer Ottoson who has been the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ottoson, for the past two weeks, left Monday for Chicago.

Mrs. Fred Younglove of Norwich is in town, at the Commercial House, attending to her husband, who was hurt in an automobile accident Tuesday.

Misses Ellanorah Colegrove and Helen McGowan left for Coudersport Monday where they will attend summer school for two months.

Ed. McClure, who has a position with the State Highway Department, was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Alice McClure, a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Burdick left Wednesday for Franklin to attend the Bankers' Association of Pennsylvania meeting. Mr. Burdick is a member of the executive committee.

Miss Marion Gallup has returned home from New York city where she has been attending school, to pass the summer vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Specht and daughter, Miss Edna, will leave Saturday for State College, Pa., to attend the commencement exercises which will be held next Wednesday, Frederick Specht being one of the graduates.

Mr. E. R. Baker and sons, Edward, Henry, Charles and William, of Erie, Pa., who were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy a few days last week, left for their home Sunday morning, accompanied by Mrs. H. L. McCoy and Miss Grace Olmstead.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris, who have been the guests of friends in town for a week, left Saturday morning for their home at Medina, N. Y. Miss Christel Comes accompanied them and will be their guest for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bright and Miss Florence Bright who has been their guest for some time, left for New Castle, Pa., Tuesday. After a short visit there Mr. and Mrs. Bright will go to Meadville, where Mr. Bright will attend the summer sessions of Allegheny college.

NO MURDER TRIALS THIS TERM OF COURT.

(Continued from Page 1.)

with violating the tramp act, was found guilty.

Carmona Napolitiano of Hazelhurst pleaded guilty to a charge of selling liquor without a license, and was sentenced to pay a fine of $500 and the costs of prosecution.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. M. Miller, charged with false pretense was continued, the case being settled by the parties.

Sam Kirk, charged with violating the tramp act, pleaded guilty and received a sentence of 30 days in jail, $5 fine and costs of prosecution.

J. C. Lewis, who was arrested and convicted of bigamy and was serving a term of six months, from February 2, was discharged yesterday from custody by Judge Bouton, when word was received from Cambridge Springs announcing the death of the prisoner's father.

Felix Blessinger, arrested in Norwich on complaint of being a public nuisance, was yesterday discharged by the court.

The case of Mabelle Crawford, a school teacher, who is charged with assault and battery, is on trial to-day and is the last case on the list. She is alleged to have brutally whipped the eight-year-old son of Peter Olson of Keating township.

The grand jury completed its deliberations Tuesday afternoon and visited the county jail, the county farm and other county buildings. Among the recommendations were a new brick barn in the rear of the county jail; improvements in the prothonotary's office in the court house, and the purchase of a new map of McKean county. The grand jury also recommended that the walls and ceilings in the living apartments of the county home be brightened with lighter paint and it was also recommended that the county commissioners arrange with the Shawmut railroad company to provide a means of outlet for surface water, which is now held back for lack of proper drainage under the railroad company's tracks.

The following cases were acted on by the grand jury:

William C. Carr, larceny, not a true bill.

C. K. Rothstein, false pretense, a true bill.

William Scott, violating tramp act, a true bill.

James Jones, violating tramp act, a true bill.

Samuel Kirk, violating tramp act, a true bill.

John Butler, violating tramp act, a true bill.

William C. Carr, larceny, a true bill.

Mabelle Crawford, assault and battery, a true bill.

Lester Bannon, larceny, a true bill.

Fred Hubbard, larceny, a true bill.

M. Miller, false pretense, a true bill.

LeRoy Fink, larceny, a true bill.

Lon McKenzie, conducting a disorderly house, not a true bill.

SPRAYING FOR POTATO BLIGHT.

Some Valuable Advice Offered by State Zoologist Surface.

"The destruction by pests has reached such a stage in this State," said Zoologist H. A. Surface in his office at Harrisburg recently, "that it becomes necessary to practice modern methods of spraying, or pest suppression of practically every crop that the farmer grows."

Prof. Surface then proceeded to discuss spraying for potato blight as follows:

"There are three diseases of potatoes that are commonly called 'potato blight' and all of which should be distinguished by the grower, as there is only one that is really controlled by spraying. The first is called 'Early blight' and commences while the plants are quite young, causing the entire leaf to turn brown and die. It does not make the stem black nor cause the tuber to rot. Another that is wrongly called blight is to be called the 'Tip burn,' as the tip of the leaf becomes brown as though burnt. This is not due to a disease, but is due to dry, hot weather. Good cultivation to keep plenty of moisture in the soil is one of the best means to overcome this. The third cause of dead potato leaves is the disease known as the 'Late blight,' which causes the leaves to turn brown and the stem to turn black, and the tubers to rot. While this is a very destructive disease, it is, fortunately controlled by spraying.

"While the Zoological Bureau of the Department of Agriculture has justly recommended dilute lime-sulfur as a fungicide for the summer spraying of many plants, especially apple, pear and quince, it does not recommend this as a summer spraying for potatoes. By all means the best fungicide for spraying potatoes is strong Bordeaux mixture, made by using six pounds of bluestone and six of lime in fifty gallons of water, and to this adding two pounds of arsenate of lead, or if this cannot be obtained use one-half pound of Paris green. This arsenical poison is, of course, for the beetles, commonly called 'bugs,' and need be applied only when chewing insects are present or about to appear. This compound is chemically practically the same as the expensive preparation sold under the name of 'Pyrox,' and is much cheaper, and at the same time is the most effective fungicide and insecticide that the potato grower can use.

"It appears that Bordeaux mixture stimulates strong, healthy growth of the potato vine. Even if there should be no blight there is better growth than though the mixture were not applied. Experiments recently performed at the Geneva, N. Y., Experimental Station show that potatoes sprayed with the strong Bordeaux mixture, produced about one hundred and forty bushels per acre more than those sprayed with lime-sulfur solution.

"The potato plants should be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture and arsenate of lead when they reach the height of at least one-half foot, or when beetles first appear, and before the blight has made its appearance. This spraying should be repeated about once a month during the growing season. Several manufacturing firms make field spraying apparatus by which from four to ten acres per day can be sprayed. The cost of spraying is so very slight that it does not pay anyone to attempt to grow potatoes, truck crops or fruits without the proper spraying. Information concerning the kinds and prices of spraying apparatus can be obtained free by addressing the State Zoologist of the Department of Agriculture, Harrisburg, Pa."

DID HIS WORK THOROUGHLY

Central African Explorer Well Equipped to Make Lasting Record of His Journey.

To make an accurate description of the route taken through an unknown country requires an amount of hard and incessant labor of which few persons have any conception. An instance in point may be taken from the explorations of William Junker in Central Africa.

This man, a Russian by birth, spent five years endeavoring to trace the course of the River Welle, which lies between the headwaters of the Nile and the Congo, with a view to determine the position of the watershed between the two rivers.

When actually on the march he wore a coat designed by himself, having numerous large and small pockets especially arranged for the handy use of his watch, compass, aneroid, thermometer and note books. From one of its buttons hung three pencils; one red for marking his route, another blue for noting the rivers and streams, the third black for recording the times of starting and halting, together with all the more notable incidents of the day's march.

In a little notebook, ruled for the purpose, the exact time of starting was put down, thereafter, at the end of every five minutes the direction in which he was proceeding was determined by a glance at the compass and carefully noted, while occasionally the readings of the aneroid and the thermometer were taken.

A brook crosses the path. With the blue pencil it is instantly designated, as well as the direction of its current and its estimated breadth and depth. Every change in the character of the country is entered, as from wooded to grass lands, or from desert to fertile soil. The prominent objects encountered on the way, with their apparent height and distance, are all indicated. So also are the names of the tribes, and any local information that may have been obtained.

The time and duration of every halt is carefully kept, as it is necessary to know the actual marching time in order to calculate the distance gone. Doctor Junker's uniform rate was a little over three miles an hour.

When the night camp was reached the first duty of the explorer, after supper, was to copy all the notes made during the day into a large book; one page generally, though sometimes two, being used to record a day's march. If the night were clear the traveler's work would end with an observation for determining the position of the camp. This done, he felt that he had earned his right to rest.

In this manner Junker traveled on foot 4,000 miles through a country a large part of which had never before been visited by a white man.—Harper's Weekly.

DEFENDING THE GUILTY MAN

Frederick A. Brown's Story Illustrates the Conditions That Sometimes Confront the Lawyer.

Frederick A. Brown, a well known Chicago lawyer, told the following story at a recent dinner:

"Attorneys are frequently asked how they can defend men whom they know to be guilty. The reply is that we seldom if ever know that they are guilty. I once, however, became the unwilling attorney of a man whom I knew to be guilty.

"I was in Judge Brentano's court, waiting for a trial to be called, when a negro was brought in, charged with highway robbery. Judge Brentano, finding that he had no attorney, directed me, against my protest, to defend him.

"I took the colored man aside and said, 'Well, are you guilty?' and to my surprise he replied, 'Well, boss, they found the pocketbook on me and have twenty witnesses to prove it.' He then went on to tell me that he had snatched a woman's pocketbook on Thirty-ninth street and Cottage Grove avenue on a Saturday afternoon, ran west in Thirty-ninth street, turned up an alley, with a crowd after him, who caught him as he was getting over a six-foot board fence.

"In looking at the indictment I found that he was indicted under the habitual criminal act, under which he could be sent to the penitentiary for forty years. I returned to the courtroom and insisted that Judge Brentano should appoint some other lawyer, which he refused to do. I then made the proposition to the prosecutor that if he would waive the habitual criminal count I would have my man plead guilty and save the cost of a trial.

"This was agreed to, the darky was delighted, pleaded guilty, and received the minimum sentence. After it was all over the darky turned to me and said, 'Boss, that was so easy that I believed if you half tried you would have got me clean off.'"

NEW WAY OF SAVING MONEY

How a Number of Working Girls Are Accumulating a Fund for Vacation Trips.

Some girls working in a certain trust company have organized a most unusual method of saving money for their vacation trips. Two of the girls out of the thirty-five that have entered into the plan are appointed trustees, and the first Saturday in July (any month can be chosen) each girl pays just two cents. With thirty-five girls that makes seventy cents, which is duly deposited by the trustees in the bank.

Beginning with the week following the assessment grows to four cents, then six cents the next week, and so on, increasing two cents each week, but the increase is so very gradual that it is no great effort to put the amount away.

The following June the money is drawn out and each girl receives the amount that she has paid in, which would be $25.50, the saving beginning in July plus about $1 interest. You will readily see that the amount saved will provide a girl with a nice two weeks' vacation and it is almost like finding money. Until Christmas, when they need money most, the assessments are nominal, the "big" ones coming in Lent, when one does not need so much spending money.

As the rule was made in the beginning that anyone who failed to pay would lose what she had already put in, everyone makes it a point to pay promptly. One good clause in the laws stipulates that if any girl loses her position or marries she can withdraw the amount that she has put in.—Harper's Bazar.

German Court Balls.

In the German court balls not all those who are invited are permitted to take part in the dances which the Kaiser witnesses.

The Kaiser has no love for "the quick and slovenly." Many months before the ball the selected couples rehearse the dances under the direction of Fraulein Gasperni, mistress of the court ballet. The Kaiserin criticises freely the ladies and gentlemen who show any shortcomings. The ordinary rehearsals take place in one of the chambers of the palace, but the final rehearsal is held on the eve of the ball, at the residence of one of the invited.

The Princesses royal carry trains held by two pages, but the other ladies have to manage their own. For married ladies the length prescribed is about 11 feet 6 inches, the trains of the other ladies being rather more than half a yard less.

Peculiar Western Banks.

The difference between the American east and west so strongly emphasized by rhetoricians and meteorologists extends even to the banking system. In the west they lend money on reputation, in the east on security. On a day in June last, six little banks in Seattle had lent on individual or firm notes without any other security than the names $8,597,000; while the whole national bank group in New York had lent on similar paper only a little more than $9,000,000. On that same day, in San Francisco, the loans of this sort amounted to more than $17,000,000.

The western system is one of credit based upon industry, and upon much closer and more accurate knowledge of the man himself than can ever be possible in the bigger eastern cities.—World's Work.

PLAN TO FIGHT MOSQUITOES

Colonel Gorgas Devising Improved Methods of Combating Pest in Canal Zone.

Soldiers of the regular army who are in the canal zone or are to go there for the purpose of defending the fortifications will be pleased to know that experiments are going on now with a kind of fortification that has to do especially with the health of that region. Col. William C. Gorgas, medical corps, U. S. A., chief sanitary officer, has worked out a scheme for a permanent lining of ditches which will make them proof against the breeding activities of the mosquito. Having found that by controlling the incubation of insects, the fever situation was always kept in hand, the zone sanitary department turned its attention to the ditches which are so fertile a place for the production of mosquitoes, and the idea was hit upon of lining or "fortifying" them against the mosquito. So now there is being tried a Gatun a new scheme for permanent ditch lining with concrete blocks, made of a mixture of sand, cement and cinders. After a while there will be no chance for the poor mosquito at all in the zone. The army sanitarians are now making tests to ascertain the effect of wind upon the travels of the insect, both against and with the prevailing air currents, and it is thought that approximate or exact data along that line will have a marked effect upon the cost of anti-malaria work. No data are available to show that the anopheles, or malaria insects, are blown by the wind or travel with it.—Army and Navy Journal.

WIGWAM HAS PASSED AWAY

Indians in Canada Now Make Use of Canvas Tents and Iron Stoves.

A novelist would find a veritable mine of data for stories of the severe life in the woods among any of the northern Indian tribes. During my stay among the Montagnais at Lake St. John two families descended from their winter hunting grounds to the post, being forced on the way to boil their moccasins and pelfries for soup to avoid starvation. Yet these same people were strong enough to travel and attend to the necessities of their camp. Within five days they returned again to the forest.

The canvas tents, which have entirely replaced the native birch bark wigwams, came into general use about twenty-five years ago. The first Indians to introduce them set up their tents and made camp in the space of an hour without having to cut the numerous wigwam poles or dig away the snow underneath, while the old bark lodge required the snow to be cleared to the ground on account of the fire in the center, the whole task consuming about two and one-half hours. The box iron stoves heat the tents very well and consume less wood than the open fires.—Southern Workman.

Conquering Smallpox Scourge.

Smallpox is no longer feared by civilized mankind. This is partly due, no doubt, to the immunization of the races through vaccination, and partly to the better methods of sanitation and preventive treatment generally. In the first year of our occupation of the Philippines, where smallpox was then an endemic or constant disease, there were 675 cases among our soldiers and 240 deaths. A system of rigid vaccination was adopted, and in the last five years there have been only five cases and not a single death. The army records in Porto Rico tell the same story, and seem to prove beyond question the efficacy of vaccination. Dr. S. C. Rockhill of Cincinnati reports that he has had much success in preventing the pock marking of the face in smallpox cases by painting the pustules with a lotion of nine parts glycerine and one part iodine. By this treatment also the patients get over the attack in from eight to fifteen days. Others prevent the pitting by keeping the patients in a room where no light whatever but red light enters.—Pathfinder.

NO MORE SPREES FOR HIM

Changing the Letter on Stenographer's Typewriter Cured Him of the Drink Habit.

In a certain railroad office in the West Bottoms is a stenographer, upon whom his employer places considerable confidence, for he is one of the best in the business. Only one shortcoming has ever been found against him, but this was a grievous one, the kind that was increased 100 per cent when the bi-monthly pay law went into effect. Long and faithful service kept him from being discharged, and his employer was very lenient. From month to month, however, it could be noticed that he was slipping a little more with each payday. Finally one last plan was decided upon to keep him in the service and prevent his falls from the wagon.

During an absence following a pay day a typewriter mechanic was pressed into service, to change the letters on the machine around. The next morning the stenographer reported for work, with evidences of a "hangover." His employer started on him good and early, with a message which was to be rushed.

The stenographer started work. The result was something of an "x-x5!*" affair. Finally he decided "it was no use."

"I guess I have been cutting up a little," he said. "I expect I better take a day off and sober up."

It was agred thus, and during the day of sobering up, the letters on the machine were set back into place. The plan worked and though the incident occurred six months ago, the stenographer hasn't missed a day."—Kansas City Journal.

Novel Use for Aviation.

Probably Darius Green never had a dream that his flying machine would be used in a scheme to prove to wild hunters in the Philippine Islands that they were inferior to white men. This political project, however, was tried by Aviator L. Hammond, who at the request of the governor of the islands, gave to the chief of a tribe of Igorotte hunters his first aerial ascension. The tribesmen were very apprehensive regarding the result, and even the chief himself took his seat in the car with ill-concealed trepidation, but after making a lofty flight over the leper colony and the surrounding country, he was brought back safely to the starting point, fully convinced of the absolute supremacy of the paleface.

Varied Uses of Pearls.

During the palmy days of the Roman empire pearls were greatly esteemed as ornaments by the women of fashion, though after its downfall they were again chiefly used for the decoration of inanimate objects, and it was not until medieval days that they again served the purpose of personal decoration. In England they were not really appreciated for the latter purpose until the fourteenth century. Yet throughout every country and in every country from comparatively early times we see pearls depicted by contemparary artists in such of their works as survive.

His New Job.

A colored shoe shiner at a hotel barber shop here had been after Representative Steenerson of Minnesota, one of his customers, to get him some kind of a government job. He said he had a brother in Pittsburg who held a political job that paid him well. His impression was that his brother made something like $1,500 a year.

"What does your brother do?" asked Steenerson.

"Don't know just exactly what his duties are," replied the boy, "but he's been appointed what they call a ward heeler."

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Esther A. Parker, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Esther A. Parker, late of Keating Township, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to O. T. Chase, C. T. A., residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make the same known without delay.

O. T. CHASE, C. T. A.
East Smethport Pa., April 25, 1912-6t.

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